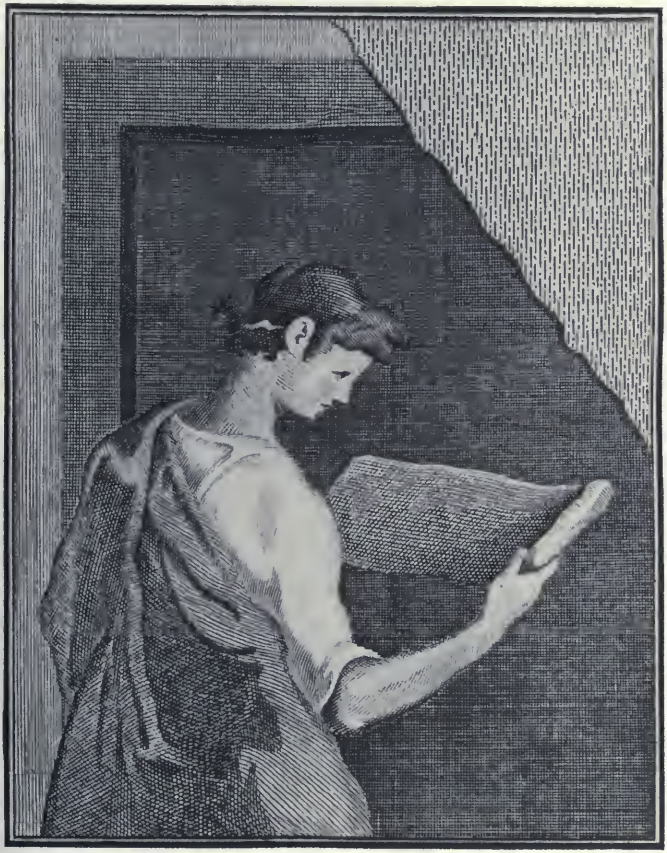
NAPLES IN THE NINETIES

E. NEVILLE-ROLFE



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NAPLES IN THE NINETIES

THE TARANTELLA

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NAPLES IN THE NINETIES

A SEQUEL TO

NAPLES IN 1888

BY

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OF HEACHAM HALL, NORFOLK, H.B.M. CONSUL FOR SOUTH ITALY

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON

ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK

1897

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TO

Dorothy

TO WHOSE ENERGY AND ABILITY
THIS LITTLE BOOK IS PRINCIPALLY DUE
IT IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED BY

Her Father

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CHAPTER I

VANISHING NAPLES

EIGHT years have passed over our heads since we brought out our last little book entitled *Naples in 1888*,[1] and we have often been asked to bring out a new edition of it. The writer has hesitated to do this, first because he could no longer avail himself of the assistance of his indefatigable collaborators; secondly because it is much more satisfactory to write a new book than to republish an old one; and lastly, because the past eight years have witnessed such sweeping changes, that Naples is a different city materially if not morally. Most of the improvements and alterations, which were in contemplation when our former book was written, are either accomplished or far

[1] *Naples in 1888.* Rolfe and Ingleby-Trübner and Co., London.

advanced; a street twenty-seven metres wide has been driven from east to west right through the worst of the slums, and has placed us in easy and rapid communication with the railway station; the said slums have been pulled down on either side of it with no sparing hand, and magnificent palaces have taken their place; five large new quarters of incomparable ugliness have been put up to house the working classes; the great bulk of the sewage of the city runs away to the desert shores of Cumae, instead of defiling the bay as it used to do, and the remainder will soon follow it; the play of the Nativity, to which we devoted many pages in 1888, was suppressed by the Prefect in 1889, and is played no more; fresh and important industries, whose absence we lamented, have sprung up on every side, and, in fact, so much of the local colour has faded away that there would have been little of the old book that was not quite out of date.

Still Naples has a quaintness and charm of her own, which municipalities cannot destroy, and civilisation cannot altogether wreck. Things move quickly in these days, but much of the picturesqueness must last our time.

Let us make the most of it, for the maid-servants are already beginning to wear bonnets, bicycles are thronging our thoroughfares, and that great criterion of educational progress the Post Office is expanding its operations in a remarkable manner. It is far, very far, from being perfect,[1] but a vast number of additional offices has been opened in all directions, and though we still see the public writers at their tables in the streets, there are fewer of them, and their business is decidedly slacker than it was in the olden days.

Let us glance at a few of the old-world survivals, and let us take the Neapolitan first in his religious aspect. Here we find him not only unchanged since 1888, but unchanged since the Middle Ages. He still has a great veneration for St. Januarius, and heartily believes that it is by his merits alone that the lava has not long since overwhelmed Naples. When May and September respectively come

[1] An amusing instance of Post-Office officiousness occurred to us recently in sending a registered letter to a friend in England, upon which we had written in English the words "Not to be forwarded." The letter was returned to us with the observation that the Post Office could not undertake the transmission of a letter when the writer's own instructions were that it was not to be transmitted. Truly the Neapolitan and the Irishman have much in common !

round, and the miracle of the liquefaction of the saint's blood is displayed for a week at a time, he is sure to be in his place to see the grave priest manipulate the venerable relic, and to hear the shout of praise which follows the announcement that the miracle has been vouchsafed to a faithful people. There will perhaps be a little practical shrewdness mixed up with his piety, but that detracts nothing from it from his point of view, and at the climax of the miracle he will look at his watch, in order to obtain the exact moment at which it came off; for this is notoriously an excellent, almost infallible number to play in the weekly lottery. Thus, assuming the miracle to take place at 9.45, he would play those two figures as an *ambo* and 9, 4, 5, as a *terno*, and supposing him to win the former he would realise 500 times the stake he speculated with, and if the latter, 5000 times his venture. Besides that, he would go home thinking that San Gennaro was "something like a saint," and probably present an offering to his shrine.

The *Corriere di Napoli*, a leading Neapolitan journal, in its issue of 21st September 1896, thus comments on the miracle. It is to be

noted that the *Corriere* is not a religious organ.

THE AUGURY.—How many are the Neapolitans who, since yesterday, have been jubilant in joy and hope? into how many Neapolitan houses have happiness and confidence entered since yesterday? and the anxiety of expectation has this year been compensated for, nay, amply repaid. For the Neapolitans await the miracle of their patron with real anxiety, trembling lest it should not take place in time, trembling lest the blood should not completely liquefy. Sometimes the patron retards the prodigy, sometimes the prodigy is not accomplished according to the wishes of the votaries, and this is blank desolation to the Neapolitans, desolation and discomfort, a terror to the devout and to the zealous, because they remember that the time and method of the prodigy are not without meaning, and that the slowness or incompleteness of the liquefaction augur a calamity, presage future scourges within the year—scourges from which the wonder-worker is not allowed to deliver his people; they signify divine punishments which the saint is not allowed to prevent. But when the miracle comes off, as it did this year as quickly as possible, when it occurs as completely as it did this year, then the festival of San Gennaro infuses ineffable joy and enthusiasm into the town, because the patron has always been as good as his word, his good people have never been deceived, the oracle of the blood has never failed. And nothing could be more touching than this bond, so cordial, so fast, and so indissoluble, which exists between the Neapolitans and their protector, and by which their protector desires to be united to them, his faithful flock. He is not satisfied with interceding for them, with

receiving their prayers benignantly, with pleading their cause; he shows them by visible signs that he continually exercises his office of guardian, periodically heating the ardour of their faith with a marvellous phenomenon, by which he means to assure them that he is watchful, and that when he cannot free them entirely from punishment, he at all events obtains that it shall be reduced, and obtains also the privilege of warning them.

And they, the Neapolitans, are passionately, tenderly and deeply devoted to him, nor do they ask him to do more than lies in his power, nor do they rebel against him when the prophecy is uncertain. The people feels profoundly the sentiment of full and unconditional trust in its protectors; it is enough for them to know that some one watches over them, and this gives them strength and courage. Let calamity come, say they with a sigh, so long as there is a saint who will do all he can to soften it and make it supportable.

But if San Gennaro is not above a friendly hint, we advise him to look to his laurels, for a shrine has grown up of late years called La Madonna di Pompei, which has already become the object of the most important pilgrimage in Italy, and may fairly hope some day to throw Lourdes itself into the shade. His Holiness the Pope has just given his sanction to the shrine and its pilgrimages by appointing a cardinal to be in charge of it; and this should lead to a great extension of its popularity.

The church is situated about half a mile from the ruins of the ancient Pompeii, and a visit to it can be easily combined with a morning's archaeology. There is nothing worth seeing when you get there, for the church is a mass of tawdry gilding, and in the worst modern taste, but it has a fine organ. There is a building attached to the church wherein the children of criminals who are undergoing sentences of penal servitude are brought up. This would seem to be a very useful charity in a country where there is no capital punishment, and long sentences are consequently much more common than they are with us.

In his social aspects the Neapolitan has not altered very remarkably. The streets new and old still echo the violent cries of the vendors of every description of eatables; there was an excuse for these when all the streets were narrow and steep, but there is no excuse whatever for the continuance of the nuisance where the streets are wide and straight. The "Society for the suppression of street noises" would have ample scope for its labours, and would wonder, after a few weeks here, that the London street noises ever claimed their attention.

Scavenging must always be a very great difficulty at Naples until a law is passed preventing human beings from living in what is called a *basso*, which is nothing more nor less than a coach-house having no opening except a door which is hermetically closed at night. Every bit of refuse must necessarily be thrown forthwith into the street at whatever time of day it may be convenient to eject it. Here it awaits the daily visit of the dust-cart, and in the meantime, if the family happens to have had a fowl for dinner, the feathers are blown all over the place; the passing ragman turns the heap over with his crook and makes his selection, starving cats and dogs do the same, and fowls, the worst offenders of all, whose presence is tabooed in every respectable town, scatter the remainder about in all directions. If the *basso* were finally disestablished, much would be done towards the civilisation of the town. As matters now stand, the front of it is usually a shop where some small trade, such as shoemaking or ironing, is carried on; there is usually a stove alight upon which a vegetable soup simmers for the greater part of the day, adding its quota to the terrible smell of the

habitation. Behind this again is the family bed, which we must say is generally kept scrupulously clean; but one shudders to think of a whole family huddled into this small space on a hot night, and one ceases to wonder that the Neapolitan of the lower class should literally live in the open air. The way in which the women dress their hair in the streets causes visitors a feeling of considerable uneasiness. Residents are of course used to it, but even they keep as far off as the width of the street will allow, to avoid the manifest danger of a too near approach to the lady who is being operated upon. It must be admitted that all the habits of the Neapolitan are much better suited to the old streets than to the new ones, for we can scarcely imagine a woman having her hair done on the pavement of Northumberland Avenue, and the Corso Re d'Italia is, in fact, just such another street. However, the said Corso has no *bassi*, which is a great advance, and we hope that in future all the new streets will be built without them.

There is a party in the town which is not without influence, who desire to prevent cows and goats being led and driven from door to

door to provide milk for their respective customers, and certainly their presence in the old streets was much less incongruous than it is in the wider thoroughfares, though they pay no more respect to the one than they did to the other. We shall certainly miss the goats if ever they are abolished. They form a picturesque element, an incident one does not see in other towns, a little bit of local colouring not to be lightly thrown away. Nanny is a remarkably intelligent creature when she has been educated into town ways. Thousands of them troop into town morning and night, and are driven out to pasture again night and morning, on the hills in the neighbourhood. In any of the villages around you may see them in the afternoon (or in the morning if you are up early enough) trotting into the city, and when they arrive there breaking off into their own flocks without any confusion, and going their accustomed rounds, and when they reach a house where one of them has to be milked the others lie down on the pavement while the selected nanny marches sedately up the stairs with the goatherd, to be milked, and to descend again as a matter of course. A

goat too has a great deal of character. It will not get out of the way of a bicycle, though it is far too sharp to be run over by a cab. It seems to know that the foot passenger and the wheelman are at its mercy, and it will not give place to them. Popular prejudice, which, in places where universal suffrage exists, is an amazingly powerful factor, is all on the side of the goats, for a Neapolitan must have his milk, and his faith in poor humanity is so slender that unless he sees it milked himself he does not care to become a purchaser. His idiomatic expression for extreme poverty is *Passa la Vacca*, "The cow goes by," meaning that he cannot afford to buy even a drink of milk; and in our opinion it will be a very daring Syndic indeed, and one who is very sure of his seat at the next election, who will issue an order forbidding the cows and goats to wander at their own sweet will through the streets of the town. It might be possible to compel the goatherds to carry a broom instead of a quarterstaff, and to sweep the foot-pavements where his charges had been resting, and if this reform were carried out the chief nuisance appertaining to the goats would disappear.

We suppose that it must be the overwhelming idea of obtaining money without working for it that makes the Neapolitan of all classes such a consummate gambler. The public lottery, that terrible canker of Italian institutions, flourishes enormously in the southern provinces. As elsewhere, the gamblers of Naples are an excessively credulous lot. One can understand when a man is betting upon horses that he should accept the judgment of a sporting newspaper correspondent, and entrust his money to the bona fides of such a correspondent rather than to his own judgment, and even in the case of the advertising tipster the presumption is that he has obtained the best information that he can, and that it is decidedly in his interest to win money for his clients. But it is mysterious how a Neapolitan, or any one else, can bring himself to believe that there can be any such thing as a prophecy of the numbers which are about to be drawn in the lottery, or that any amount of calculation, based upon events which have already taken place, and numbers which have already been drawn, can possibly affect the future or indicate in the remotest way the numbers which are to issue

from the urn. And yet the advertisements of lottery tipsters are as common in Naples as the advertisements of turf tipsters are in England, and occupy a prominent place in the most respectable papers. It is evident that the process pays, as such long advertisements cost a considerable sum of money. We have before us as we write an advertisement of thirty-two lines, full-column width, taken from the *Corriere di Napoli*, wherein, for payment of one franc, the advertiser promises that Naples and all the provinces will hold high revel if they will only play for a few pence the numbers which he will give them. The advertisement is headed: "The six million profit on the lottery is in danger," and appeals to the gentry, to the indigent, to working-men, to tradesmen, and in fact to all classes, to participate in the splendid fortune which here lies open before them. How it is that the man is not torn to pieces when his prophecies fail, seems mysterious, and is probably only to be accounted for by the fact that the dupe is in reality ashamed to confess himself to have been done, or else perhaps because the advertiser has a specious answer to explain away the mistake

which he has made. It will be readily understood that this government lottery is a very great evil. The stakes allowed to be played for are so small that they are in the reach of the most impecunious classes of the population, and this causes a great temptation, especially to the class of domestic servants to steal small sums of money from their masters in order to participate in the weekly drawing. The drawing in Naples is a very queer sight, and a scene of great excitement. The numbers are drawn in the quadrangle of the Direction of the lottery, from a revolving glass cylinder containing ninety identical tubes, in each of which is a single number from one to ninety. They are drawn by a little boy, a different boy being selected every week and blindfolded for the purpose. He is given a suit of new clothes and a present of twenty-five francs for his trouble. The whole affair has been described in the greatest possible detail by Signora Matilde Serao, Editress of *Il Mattino*, a paper having a large circulation in Naples, in a book called *Il paese di Cuccagna* (the land of delights). She goes minutely into the evils of the lottery, and in a graphic narrative sets

out the different systems by which a lower class Neapolitan settles upon the numbers which he deems certain to come out on the fateful day.

The use of the Neapolitan cards is gradually and surely fading from the upper classes, for French cards are taking their place, such games as *baccarat* are coming into fashion, and *scopa* and other Neapolitan games are falling into desuetude. The Neapolitan games will no doubt hold their own amongst the lower classes, who are absolutely addicted to gambling and the keenest card-players in the world; it is otherwise with the upper classes, principally because of recent years they have travelled so much more than they used to, and have found themselves compelled to reconcile themselves to the games played in other countries, and this has led to their introduction at home.

The Neapolitan pack consists of forty cards in four suits. The emblems upon them are coarsely drawn as well as wretchedly painted; and though many attempts at reform in this matter have been spoken of nothing has come of them, the traditional gaudy colours being

perpetuated, and the cards being in all probability precisely what they were a hundred and fifty or more years ago. The suits are named *bastoni* (clubs), which are not represented by a shamrock, as with us, but by a single club like a constable's staff with an oak leaf design upon it; *coppe*, which are represented by goblets; *danari* (money), by pictures of gold coins; and *spade* (swords), by a short straight sword. Our illustration (Fig. 2) gives the two of *coppe*, the knaves of *spade and danari*, and the ace of *bastoni*. We have said that the Neapolitan cards are forty in number. They run from ace to seven, with *Cavallo*, *Donna*, and *Re* answering to Knave, Queen, King.

A side-blow has been given to the burial practices at Naples which may ultimately lead to their modification. A very small thing is often sufficient to run a very old custom off the rails, and it may be so in this instance. About two years ago the municipality, desiring as usual to raise a little more money, created a monopoly of funeral rites in their own favour, and every one now, gentle and simple, is com-

THE FOUR SUITS OF THE NEAPOLITAN PACK

pelled to employ the hearse of one contractor. It was with much difficulty that the burials in the British cemetery obtained exclusion from this regulation, and leave to carry out their funerals with their own hearses and in their own way. It need hardly be said that the new funeral cars are marvels of appalling ugliness and execrable taste. The grandest car of all is constructed like an Egyptian temple and adorned with black-and-silver sphinxes; on the roof of it is a life-size figure of an angel with outspread wings, the appearance of which is absolutely grotesque.

Most Neapolitans belong to a guild called here a *Confraternità*, whose doctors attend him while he is alive, and whose members follow him when he is carried to his last resting-place. The whole affair contains so many survivals of Roman times that it is most interesting archaeologically. First we have the paid female mourners, wrapped in long black Spanish veils, who are identical with the Roman *Praeficae*, excepting that they do not wail and tear their hair, but march quietly after the coffin. It is usual also to have half a dozen male servants in knee-breeches and silk

stockings, although it may be notorious that the deceased never employed a man-servant in his lifetime. Then we have a great number of men from the poorhouse clad in their blue cloaks and bearing banners upon which the initials of the deceased are usually stencilled. These men are mostly broken-down men-servants, and have taken the place of the *liberti* of Roman times, whom the deceased had made free by his will, and who always followed his funeral; and lastly we have the fraternity of the Guild in their long white robes and masks representing the *imagines*, that is the disembodied ancestors of the deceased, following the procession in long array. That these *imagines* were dressed very much like the confraternities is tolerably certain, from a fresco in the Naples Museum, of Mercury conveying a soul across the Styx, the soul being represented in a long white robe, and, except for the absence of a mask, resembling exactly the appearance of the brethren of one of the Neapolitan funerals.

The functions of these guilds, after the death of one of their members, is moreover precisely the same as those of the *Libitinarii*

A NEAPOLITAN FUNERAL

By permission of Messrs. Sommer and Son.

of Roman times, who, after a death, undertook all the necessary formalities of registration and so on, and relieved the family of all trouble in the matter of the interment. There is a custom in the conduct of Neapolitan funerals the vanishing of which we wish we could record. It is usual for Neapolitan funerals to go up Toledo at a foot's pace, thereby causing a complete dislocation of the traffic in that busy thoroughfare. On arrival at a point beyond the Museum the *cortège* disperses, leaving the hearse to proceed alone to the cemetery. As soon as the mourners have gone, the hearse draws up at the contractor's stables, a porter issues therefrom with a basket containing a heterogeneous medley of garments; the trappings are taken off the horses, the men proceed to divest themselves of their cocked hats and gorgeous liveries in the middle of the street and put on their working clothes, the horses are whipped up to a round trot, and the body is rattled off to the cemetery to be unceremoniously carried to its grave by half a dozen tattered gravediggers. To our notions the irreverence of the proceedings is inexcusable; for nothing indicates the higher civilisation of

the living more than the scrupulous attention and reverence which they pay to their dead.

Owing to the building of a new quarter at the eastern end of the town, the British cemetery was closed by the authorities three years ago, and is now surrounded with houses, the garden being kept up at the expense of the British community. A new piece of ground was given by the Municipality on the top of the hill near the Campo di Marte, the large military exercise-ground. The situation is beautiful, but the distance from the town renders it extremely inconvenient. The cemetery has been beautifully laid out, and in this country, where shrubs of considerable size can readily be moved, and grow freely afterwards, the cemetery will, like the old one, soon resemble a beautiful pleasure-ground. The Protestant cemetery is the property of the British Government, but Protestants of all nations are buried in it, adopting the rites of their own denominations. There are a good many foreign Protestant communities in the town—British, Swiss, and German—so that, as long as they are content to use the same

cemetery, the fees provide an income sufficient to keep it in proper order. The Italian Protestants have a corner given them in the Roman Catholic necropolis, and do not claim the hospitality of the British cemetery. In this part of Italy Protestants are mostly exotics, that is to say they belong to the North, hailing chiefly from the Waldensian valleys. Their influence is not to be neglected as a factor in the civilisation of Southern Italy, and it gives us pleasure to mention the missions to Neapolitans of the Wesleyan and Baptist churches, as well as the excellent school for Neapolitan children which is ably conducted by the Presbyterians. There are besides these two Waldensian churches, which receive a great deal of British support.

After a considerable interregnum, during which a royal commissioner has been sent down to override the mayor and manage the affairs of the municipality, Naples has again a mayor of her own, and a very energetic person he promises to be. He starts on the platform of "no favouritism," which is quite a new departure, and he promises many radical reforms. If he is anything like as radical a

reformer as he is said to be, he has come just at the right time, for the iron is hot and needs only the man to strike it. The North of Italy has long ago awoke from her lethargy and is forging ahead. Progressive Milan and busy Genoa were not very long ago as far behind the times as Naples. They are now emulating Paris and Marseilles. The tide of civilisation has reached Rome and must flow on to Naples. No one can check it, but all of us may encourage it and break down the barriers which oppose its progress. One great work, a work so expensive that all the engineers have quailed before it, is the widening of the Strada di Chiaia; but this is a work which will absolutely have to be done sooner or later, and the sooner the better. The west end of the town must be made to communicate easily with the east end; now the whole traffic is forced through one little narrow street. Narrow as it is, it has a great history, for it forms the northern boundary of the Monte di Dio which is the name now given to what was once the acropolis of the Greek city. It was, in fact, as fine an acropolis as that of Athens; it is as high,

as large, and as sheer down. Centuries and the hand of man have much modified it, but to any one who knows it well its old grandeur remains, and imagination can sweep away the houses which have grown up at its base and dwarfed it, and the modern buildings on its summit, which have no doubt taken the place of the grand architectural edifices which once stood there in the days of Grecian glory. Why, it may be argued, should the Paestum marshes, the rock of Hercules at Pompeii, and the acropolis of Cumae have been selected for the erection of splendid temples, and the fine acropolis of Naples left out in the cold? We cannot believe it, for here was an impregnable rock washed by the bright blue sea, with its little island of Megaris now called Castel dell' Ovo not a quarter of a mile from it, sparkling with the silvery brine when the prevailing breezes lashed the bay into foam. Like the acropolis of Athens it was accessible only from one side, and therefore it needed artificial defence on one side alone. This was accomplished by building a wall and sinking a fosse where the Strada di Chiaia now is, and in the lapse of ages

the fosse became a mule-path, and the mule-path a street; and a street it now is, and a very inconvenient one too, for it is thronged from morning to night, although heavy traffic is excluded from it in the daytime.

If we have dwelt at some length on Naples from the old-world point of view, it is because we love her best clad in her old garments, because there is something seductive in the local colouring, something special to itself in the development of centuries and the odd survivals belonging to them; but we do not blind ourselves to the fact that all this must go, nay is going very rapidly indeed.

There has been a great and marvellous development, and it seems as if the town had arrived at the stage of conscious progress; that the people were beginning to realise that a thing is not in itself necessarily desirable because it has been the immemorial custom to do it at Naples; that it is no part of the eternal fitness of things that ragged mendicants should infest the streets, and naked children wallow in the gutters; that scavenging should be more or less a chance operation; that the streets are not necessarily the best places for

A NOOK IN OLD NAPLES

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the drying of clothes and the letting off of fireworks; and in short that what other towns have done Naples could do in spite of the bottomless vortex of her municipal debt and the innate supineness of her population. Yes, the time is coming when a Neapolitan will answer a letter, keep an appointment, have some little regard for truth, and some small respect for the feelings of his neighbours. The cabmen will some day drive with whips which do not rend the air with their terrible cracking, they will learn kindness to animals and the use of soap and water; insect life will be kept at bay, and the city will fall to the dead level of Paris, Berlin, or any other civilised town.

The extension of the railway system around Naples has been a great boon. We are much nearer Rome than we were, and only fifty hours from Charing Cross, by rapid trains with comfortable sleeping cars, while for those whose leisure and inclination lead them to prefer the sea, we have the finest steamers in the world to put us into Plymouth in about six days. A new railway along the coast has abridged the journey to Sicily by some six hours, and this

railway has a peculiarity which we do not remember to have met on any other. When we were at Constantinople some years ago we recollect a somewhat phenomenal railway, the trains of which went down one day and up the next, so that there was only a departure from the capital every other day; but the Naples to Reggio line has an equally striking peculiarity in that the trains only run at night. This is all very well for the through traffic, but rather galling to people who live at the intermediate stations. Imagine the feelings of the average Britisher if the only train at his disposal arrived between three and four A.M.! He would no doubt fly to the press, and we should sympathise with his grievances when we were consuming our morning rasher; but here the press has little power, and it is very rare to see a letter from a private person in the papers.

We are promised a new railway very soon by the enterprise of Messrs. Thomas Cook and Sons, and this line when made will be a very great boon to the travelling public. As matters now stand, the ascent of Vesuvius occupies a whole day. The excursionist starts at nine in

the morning, and drives for three hours to the foot of the cone, where he finds a comfortable luncheon awaiting him, the number of the party having been telephoned up beforehand. The wire-rope railway then pulls him up the cone, where he can amuse himself for an hour or so, and the drive home will take him a couple of hours. Messrs. Cook, with their usual enterprise, are going to revolutionise all this. They intend to make a railway from Naples, which will climb up the mountain on the same system as the Righi line, and put the passenger to the very top in three-quarters of an hour. The result will be an enormous saving of time and expense, as the whole trip will be performed in less time than is now occupied in the ascent alone, and the cost of the excursion will be considerably diminished as well. This will probably vastly increase the number of trippers who frequent the mountain, as nothing can be more delightful than to have a mouthful of bright mountain air three thousand feet up in the hot weather, and it will be easy to go up for supper on a summer evening, and return when those beautiful slopes are bathed in the brilliant moonlight of southern

Italy. When Byron wrote in *Childe Harold* of "Vesuvius rearing his hackneyed height," he little thought how soon the ingenuity of man was to conquer the obstacles of dame Nature. If the mountain was "hackneyed" then, what shall we call it now that some fifteen thousand travellers ascend it annually? In these days everything must be done with a rush, we must all work at high pressure. We used to be content to enjoy the lovely coast-line of Baia from a carriage, now we must rush past it in a train; we used to stroll over the country, now we must tear across it on a bicycle. And in fact the country round Naples is very suitable to the wheelman, for there are excellent flat roads in many directions, and by taking a machine up the wire-rope railway which leads from the town to the top of the Vomero hill at the back of it, the rider is raised without effort about seven hundred feet, and can ride down hill in any direction he pleases for about ten miles, and be sure of a flat road to return by.

Elevators are very much in fashion, and as the abundant water-power we enjoy enables them to be put into any house with ease, all

the hotels and most of the new private houses have them, but we have gone further than that. Most people who have been to Naples will remember the tunnel which leads from the city through the Vomero hill towards Pozzuoli. On the top of this hill are numerous villa residences which people live in during the summer season, and it occurred to an astute Belgian that a readier means of access to these villas would be a godsend to their owners. He accordingly constructed a steam lift from the centre of the tunnel to the top of the hill, and by means of this one can go up to the Vomero on the hottest day of summer and be in the shade all the time. It was a bold venture and has been crowned with well-deserved success. The only fault to be found with it is that it is too small, and not convenient for taking a bicycle up in. The point reached by it is that part of the Vomero whence the view can be obtained over the bay of Pozzuoli as well as over that of Naples, near the spot familiar to most visitors where the giant pine-tree makes a foreground to the lovely panorama of Sorrento and Capri, and where at sunset Vesuvius in the winter time, bathed in a roseate

vapour, steams away as in proud consciousness that he is adding his quota to the dream of beauty before us. Or walk a few yards farther and look to the westward over the other bay. The colouring is altogether different here, for the sun is just sinking below the horizon. Nisida is in a glow of golden light; Ischia, Procida, and Vivara are in a glow of golden haze; the trawlers are beginning their night's work, the hand-liners are rowing steadily home; and the last haul of the seine is making the black sand of Coroglio beach glitter with its myriad trophies of silvery mullet and anchovies.

But night is upon us now, so we must put on our coats, for there is no twilight here, and allow the lift to land us in the tunnel, whence the prosaic tram will take us home.

CHAPTER II

THE LEGENDARY GODDESSES OF SOUTHERN ITALY

When Aeneas approached the shores of Italy and anchored his ship off what he calls the "Euboean Cumae," his first object was to call upon the famous Sibyl, and in order to do so he crossed the forest which separated the coast-line of Cumae from the lake of Avernus. Virgil gives a detailed account of his meeting with the Sibyl, and of the advice which she gave him. Having obtained from her all the information he could acquire as to his future career and prospects, he asked her as a favour to show him the way across the Stygian lake, in order that he might go down into Hades and visit the ghost of his Father Anchises. Virgil's description of the Sibyl is particularly interesting because there can be no doubt that it

embodies precisely the traditional idea which the Romans of the first century had of a woman who certainly was the most notable of the prophetic virgins of antiquity.

There is a famous story among the legends of Tarquinius Superbus that it was he who purchased the Sibylline books from the Cumaean prophetess. The story goes that she offered to sell him the nine books for three hundred pieces of gold and that he at once turned his back upon her. She then destroyed three of the books and still asked him three hundred pieces of gold for the remaining six. Tarquinius was still resolute; so with great persistence the Sibyl disappeared and burnt three of the remaining six, still asking the same price for those which were left. He now gave in, paying the price at which the nine were originally offered him for the only three that remained.

Greek in Italy was the language of culture and refinement, and occupied much the same place at Rome as French did in the diplomatic world, until Prince Bismarck enunciated the much-needed reform that every diplomat should write despatches in his own language, and leave his colleague, to whom the despatch

was addressed, to find out its meaning as best he could; and then to reply to it in his own language, and thus take his revenge upon the original writer. Thus the Sibylline books were written in Greek, and the only three which were purchased by Tarquinius were kept in a stone chest in the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus under the custody of certain officers, who could consult them only by special order of the Senate. When the temple was burnt in B.C. 82 the books perished in the fire; fresh collections of them were made, and when the temple was rebuilt these were deposited in the same place that their predecessors had occupied. In the time of Augustus many prophetic books had accumulated, and he, considering that most of them were spurious, ordered all those which belonged to private persons to be burnt and only the genuine ones to be retained and kept in the custody of State officials. That the Ephesian books spoken of in the Acts of the Apostles were something of the same kind is almost beyond question, because the later Sibylline books were to a large extent collected in the time of Augustus from Asia Minor.

To return to the sixth Aeneid, the description given by Virgil of the performances of the Cumaean Sibyl tallies exactly with what history tells us of the Oracle of Apollo at Delphi, and it must be remembered that the Sibyl was supposed in both cases to be influenced by Apollo. The Delphic oracle has been explained by stating that a potent gas, issuing from the cleft in the rock over which the tripod of the god was placed, caused the prophetess to go into a phrenzy, and when in that condition to issue her prophecies.

Now if this was the case at Delphi, how much more likely was it to have been the case at Avernus, where the Sibyl is supposed to have dwelt, and where her grotto is shown to this day, for it forms a part of the Phlegraean Fields which are now an intensely volcanic region, and were much more volcanic in the ancient times. The so-called baths of Nero in the immediate vicinity are full of naturally boiling water, and from fissures in the rocks around Baiae volcanic gas may be seen to escape when the atmospheric conditions are favourable. There are also great varieties in this gas as will be noticed by any one who

visits the Grotta del Cane near the lake of Agnano.

Virgil, it will be remembered, describes the Sibyl as being absolutely phrenetic when giving forth her oracles. He says that her face and colour changed, that her hair became dishevelled, her breast heaved, and her heart swelled with fury; she no longer appeared mortal when in the possession of the god. This is his description of her at the opening interview with Aeneas, and he returns to it again, describing the same thing in other words when she comes to give out her prophecy.

The usual way in which these prophecies are said to have been given was that they were written upon leaves and sent flying before the wind, being bound by the influence of Phœbus Apollo, the god alike of Delphi and Cumae, to reach the persons for whom they were intended. For the sake of dramatic unity Virgil causes Aeneas to entreat the Sibyl not to commit her oracular sayings to writing, but to recite them aloud. She then proceeds to declare her vision of the Tiber rolling with blood; of a new Achilles born of a goddess for Latium, and the

various troubles and battles which the hero will have to go through.

Whatever may be the merits of the story, the description of the locality is particularly interesting to the traveller in Southern Italy, although that locality has been enormously changed by volcanic disturbances. It will be remembered that in the sixteenth century the crater now called Monte Nuovo was thrown up, and the Lucrine Lake, which once was a lake of importance, was reduced to very moderate dimensions. It was probably at this time, certainly after the Roman period, that a lava stream reached Baia, though where it came from has never been satisfactorily shown to our mind. The very name of Avernus was, according to Virgil, given to the lake by the Greeks, the derivation being from two Greek words which signify that no bird can fly across it on account of its mephitic exhalations. The lake is still there, but it was surrounded by a wall in the beginning of this century by the Bourbons, who intended to make a harbour of it, but found it too malarious for the purpose. The oak forest, from which the Sibyl ordered Aeneas to cut the wood for the funeral pyre of

Misenus, his trumpeter, who had been drowned off the point which still bears his name, still skirts the shore, and is a Royal game preserve, and the shores of the lake itself, though now covered with vineyards, were until recently a tangle of brushwood.

It is perhaps idle to inquire whether there ever was a wise woman of any kind at Cumae, but it is not unlikely that a story which seems to have been current for so many centuries had some foundation in fact. From the Witch of Endor down to the present day, the world has never lacked prophetic women in whom a section of the public has been found to place unbounded confidence, and the woods of Cumae may quite likely have been the abode of one of them. By trusting to vague generalities and issuing prophecies which could have more than one meaning, it has never been difficult to deceive such credulous persons as in reality desire to be deceived, and in all ages people, even among the educated classes, have, against their better judgment, become a prey to prophets not one whit less ridiculous than the Virgin at Cumae.

Equally poetical was the legend of the Sirens of South Italy. These three nymphs,

Parthenope, Ligia, and Leucosia, were supposed to inhabit the three rocky islets now called Isole dei Galli, which lie off the promontory which forms the southern point of the bay of Naples. The legends concerning the Sirens are inextricably mixed up with those of Ceres or Demeter, and Persephone or Proserpine, and even as to the form of the Sirens themselves, the artistic evidence is very conflicting. A few years ago a picture of Ulysses passing the Siren rocks was exhibited in the Royal Academy. The Sirens in this picture were taken from a fresco, now in the British Museum, which was originally found at Pompeii, and was presented to the nation by the late king of Naples. Here they are represented as birds with human faces resembling rather the Harpy than the Siren. But the more common representation of the Sirens is that of sea-nymphs with fish-tails; beings whose place was certainly much more the sea than the shore.[1] At any rate it was from Parthenope, Queen of the Sirens, that Naples obtained her most ancient name, and there can

[1] See *The Gnostics and their Remains*, C. W. King. Nutt, London, 1887.

be no doubt that the Sirens and their legends have been firmly believed in from the classic times to the present day.

Of the various stories concerning them, that which seems best to fit the Neapolitan view of the legend is that when Pluto carried off Proserpine to Hades, Neptune, distressed at her loss, furnished the Sirens (who were devoted to her) with winged sea-horses, so contrived that they could swim in the sea or fly through the air. Mounted on these steeds they pursued their quest, and having failed to find Persephone by sea or land, found her at last in the abode of Pluto. This variety of the legend is admirably illustrated by a vase of the transition period now in the Naples Museum, where we find all the denizens of Hades grouped round Pluto and Proserpine, who occupy a shrine in the centre of the painting. The figures are all named, with the one exception of the lady mounted on the sea-horse, which is an unfortunate omission. We have the group of Megara and the Heraclidae (one of whom has a bandage over his wound), Orpheus, the Furies, Hermes, and Sisyphus. On the other side of the central picture we

have Myrtilus, Hippodamia, and Pelops in a group; and below them Rhadamanthus, Triptolemus, and the Danaides with their empty pitchers. But the most interesting group to us is that at the bottom, for there we have the

No. 1.

Acheron flowing between its rushy banks, and Hercules holding back Cerberus with all his might, while the Siren, represented as a crowned woman with a flowing robe, is riding her fish-tailed sea-horse high in the air above the rushing waters of the river of death.[1]

[1] Mr. Elworthy (*Evil Eye*. London: John Murray) treats this

Our illustration (No. 1) is taken from this Greek vase, the date of which must be of the

No. 2.

figure as being Proserpine, in which case the picture represents the return of that goddess to the upper world, the legend being that as the "Corn goddess" she was, like the corn which she symbolised, subject to an annual inhumation, to appear again above ground in due season in the flower of her beauty and productiveness. We cannot say from what authority Mr. Elworthy has made this statement. Minervini suggests that the figure is a released soul flying out of Hades into Elysium. To our mind it is the Siren returning to earth after finding Persephone in Hades. The vase was certainly painted in Italy, where, as we have said, the Sirens have been believed in for countless centuries.

fourth century before Christ. The same idea, carried on no doubt through all the intervening centuries, is current at Naples to the present day, and Siren charms, made to represent the

No. 3.

Sirens and their sea-horses, are still used by the populace to divert the influence of the evil eye from their children. The illustrations of these charms are taken from specimens in our own collection and consist of first (No. 2) the

Siren by herself with her twin fish-tail and a paddle on either side of her; secondly (No. 3) of the winged sea-horse by himself; thirdly (No. 4) of the Siren mounted on two sea-

No. 4.

horses; and lastly (No. 5) of the bird-shaped Siren.

In a search after these charms, extending now over many years, we have never but once seen a representation in silver of the bird-

shaped Siren, showing that the other legend had the undoubted preference, in modern times at all events. The choice seems to lie between a harpy and a mermaid, and the Neapolitans

No. 5.

have decidedly shown their preference for the latter. There may perhaps be a confusion of the two legends which has arisen in the following way. Homer places the Siren rocks off the coast of Sicily, whereas the Roman

writers place them, as we have done, on the Campanian coast. It seems strange that with the persistency with which the Neapolitans have stuck to the sea-nymph theory they should still call the rocks by the name of "I Galli," pointing clearly to the bird-shaped nature of their legendary inhabitants. It is evident too, that as far as the destruction of ships was concerned, the harpy form was far the more practical of the two, and that while there were two forms insisted upon by poets and painters, the legends have got blended till they are scarcely distinguishable.

From being goddesses the representations of the Sirens became talismans; from being talismans, and for the reason that they were chiefly used to protect children, bells were added to them in order to attract the attention of the infant from any evil eye that might chance to be cast upon him. The coral amulet with bells attached which not so many years ago was to be found in all the nurseries of the upper classes in England, is only a survival of the same idea. Originally the coral part of it was, as we shall see further on, an amulet, and the bells are

merely a survival of those found on the siren charms.

We must now turn to a third legendary goddess the Diana Tifatina of Capua, who was the famous goddess of these provinces in the Roman times. Mr. Julius Beloch[1] has written very widely upon her shrine, and has set out a great many interesting inscriptions discovered there.

In the Oscan times the goddess of maternity was worshipped by the Aborigines, and several of her statues are to be seen in the Museum at Capua. They are of *tufa*, rudely carved after the manner of an uncultured people, and they represent an old woman, having much the appearance of Mrs. Gamp, seated on a chair and holding half a dozen infants on each arm. When the Romans got possession of the country they no doubt introduced their goddess of maternity to the inhabitants, blending their system with that of the conquered population as was their wont. In a system such as theirs, a new god or goddess was heartily welcomed, and wherever they went

[1] Campanien, Geschichte und Topographie des antiken Neapel und seiner Umgebung von Julius Beloch Breslau Verlag von E. Morgenstein, 1890.

they either introduced the worship of some of their gods who had the same attributes, or else, as in the case of the Egyptian gods, they took them over wholesale into their system.

Accordingly when they arrived at Capua, and found the population worshipping the goddess of maternity, they instituted a shrine of Diana as the easiest method of conciliating the populace and weaning them from their old system to the new one. Let us now consider what this worship of Diana was which the Romans introduced into Capua.

Here again as in everything we touch we find the legends in a very conflicting condition. Hecate, Diana, and Artemis are so inextricably mixed up that we are fain to treat them as we believe the Romans did, as a single goddess with a great diversity of attributes. We will therefore speak only of the Diana Tifatina of Capua, premising that we include under that title all the attributes of the goddesses we have mentioned. Diana was the goddess of the moon, and in that sense the wife of Janus, for she controlled the moon at night just as her husband controlled the sun during the

day. In her attribute of moon goddess, she is represented with the crescent moon usually placed on her head, and in that capacity silver was her own metal, derived no doubt from the colour of her silvery moonbeams. Besides being in this sense the Queen of Heaven, she was Queen of Earth also, and as such the goddess of the chase, having rule over the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air. She had her kingdom, moreover, in the lower world, where she was sometimes called Persephone. Here she was regarded as a goddess who presided over sorcery and witchcraft, and in this character she dwelt at places where three roads met, whence she obtained the name of "Trivia." She also frequented tombs and dwelt near the blood of murdered persons. It was probably from this that the practice which once prevailed in England of burying suicides at cross roads arose. Her triple character is alluded to in such epithets as, "Tergemina" and "Triformis." Besides these she had the attributes of the Artemis of Ephesus, and in that capacity she became the goddess of maternity, presiding over the birth of infants and guarding them from evil in

their earlier years. There can be no manner of doubt that her worship prevailed very extensively in these provinces in the Roman period, so much so that when Christianity superseded Paganism much of the heathen symbolism was adapted to the new rites, and the transition from the worship of Diana to that of the Madonna was made comparatively simple. Of that transition we shall speak further on.

As goddess of the moon Diana's proper appellation was "Diana Jana," and it is a remarkable circumstance that the Neapolitan name for a witch or sorceress is *Janara* to this day, the etymology of which cannot but be derived from the *Jana* of the Romans. Witchcraft to this day is exceedingly common in Naples, and witches are firmly believed in by the lower classes. Their proceedings are pretty much the same as those of witches all over the world. Their power of "overlooking" children is especially recognised, and the superstition still lingers in Naples that it is unlucky to tempt them by having one's photograph taken, or doing many of those things which appear trivial enough to civilised people.

We are now in a position to consider the *Cimaruta*, a charm still made for and worn by the infants of the labouring classes. Years ago the use of these charms prevailed in the higher classes of society, and they were then more elaborately constructed, being made with more emblems, thicker metal, and superior workmanship. The charm itself is known by the name of *Cimaruta*, a Neapolitan word signifying a sprig of rue, and consists, when it is complete, of the following emblems :—

1. The sprig of rue.
2. The serpent.
3. The half-moon.
4. The key.
5. The heart.
6. The hand and horn.
7. A bird.
8. The shamrock.
9. The metal (silver).

Now all these emblems have a magical significance, all of them are emblems of Diana, and none of them have any Christian significance whatever, excepting so far as the Paganism of Rome was grafted in the early days upon the Christianity of South Italy.

To comment upon these separately we must first of all consider the mysticism which has always been attached to the rue plant. Shakespeare calls it "the sour herb of grace," a name it is said to have derived from the fact

that it was used by the priests in the pre-reformation days when they sprinkled the houses with holy water. We hear a good

No. 6.

deal of it in the medical history of the Middle Ages; it is specially mentioned in a Latin poem of the Middle Ages when speaking of the medical school of Salerno. The plant at any rate grows freely all over the district,

though no doubt other drugs have taken its place in the pharmacopeia of the present day. The first emblem in the charm may therefore be taken to express the plant consecrated to the goddess of maternity.

Of the serpent, the second emblem in the charm, it is notorious first of all that it was an emblem of Hecate, and also that the serpent has been an object of worship from the earliest periods. We find the tree and the serpent in the form of some legend or other in all the religions of the East, and certainly in Roman times it was looked upon as an object of reverence. In the ante-room of nearly all the kitchens of Pompeii a fresco will be observed representing an altar with a youth pouring a libation on either side. Upon the altar the sacred fire is burning, and a serpent, or sometimes two serpents, are seen approaching it. In the public streets the serpent was painted up in all directions; the most famous instance in Pompeii being that of the large serpent painted on the wall opposite the house of Siricus, beneath which was a Latin hexameter which is worth quoting, because of recent years it has become almost illegible:

Otiosis locus hic non est, discede morator,

which may be translated,

This is no place for the lazy, move-on idler.

If it is admitted that we find the serpent in all eastern religions, it must also be admitted that the worship of the heavenly bodies is common to nearly all the religions of the world which are worthy of the name. Moses appears to have been the first to have made a stand against it, and it will be remembered that one of the great difficulties which he experienced in combating the idolatry of the children of Israel, was in preventing their worship of the sun and moon, whether direct worship, or the adoration of the sun-god Baal or Bel. This was of course a survival of the superstitions which the Israelites had seen on every side of them during their sojourn in Egypt, where Osiris represented the sun, and Isis the moon. Diana, in her capacity of goddess of heaven, is always represented with the crescent moon on her head, and this again is frequently represented as a boar's tusk, to unite the emblems of the goddess of the heaven with that of the presiding genius of the chase.

The key is an emblem common alike to Isis and Diana. In the case of Diana it represents the key of the heavens with which the goddess let out the moon when she despatched her on her nightly errand. There are two forms of key known to these amulets, differing only in the shape of the handle. In the one before us the handle is made in the shape of a shamrock, and the heart is placed on the amulet between the moon and the key. The key may thus be taken as the emblem of Diana Jana, the heart as the emblem of the spotless Diana Virgo, and the shamrock with its three leaves as the emblem of the threefold goddess, the Queen of Heaven, the Queen of Earth, and the Queen of Hell.

In the hand grasping the horn we have an emblem which is common to every kind of magic. Zedekiah the son of Chenaanah made him horns of iron and presented them to the king of Israel as a charm to insure his success if he went up to Ramoth-Gilead to battle, and it is not at all clear that his idea was an original one. The use of the horn as an amulet is absolutely universal at Naples to this day, where it may be seen hanging to the

watch-chain of the passers-by in the street, and forming part of the adornment of almost every horse. It is true that the tramway company have not adopted this universal precaution to secure the safety of the cattle which draw their cars; but then of course an amulet would be an unpardonable anachronism, and as difficult to reconcile with its surroundings as an electric light would be if set to burn in front of a medieval Madonna.

The bird appears upon the specimen before us, and next to it is the flower of the rue plant. The bird may no doubt allude to the goddess of heaven or even of the chase, though we are not aware that any special bird was attributed to Diana.

The metal of which the amulet is composed is unquestionably "par excellence" the metal of the moon goddess. In the Bible we read of Demetrius making "silver shrines" for the Ephesian Artemis, which were no doubt little miniature shrines for worshippers to take away with them as a souvenir of their visit to the great temple of Ephesus, and of the adoration which they had paid to the image which fell down from heaven, similar to the shrines and

images taken away from modern pilgrimages by the devout of to-day.

It must always be a matter of wonder that these amulets, totally Pagan as they unquestionably are, should have survived through nineteen centuries of Christianity in a country where the devotion of the people to their creed is incontestable, and the power of their priesthood almost unlimited. For, dissect the amulet as we may, we find no trace of any Christian emblem upon it. St. Peter's keys are always crossed, and if the moon had been accepted as an emblem of the Madonna, they would scarcely have put a grotesque face in the middle of it, or coiled a serpent round it.

The only link we have ever seen between Christianity and Paganism is in the case of a little amulet of which we give a full-sized illustration. It represents a frog seated in the crescent of a moon. Now the frog is a common amulet, alluding no doubt to Diana in her capacity of goddess of pools and rivers. A bronze frog now in our possession was found in a tomb at Capua close to the mountain which was sacred to Diana Tifatina, and here we have the same frog connected with the crescent,

universally symbolical of the goddess; but the chief curiosity of the amulet before us lies in the fact that upon the crescent the words

No. 7.

"Jesus Maria" have been rudely engraved by one of its owners, whose evident desire was to engraft Christianity upon an emblem the significance of which he did not in the least understand.

The various emblems of which the *Cimaruta* is composed are all to be had separately, but we are not aware that their wearers attach any

individual importance to them. The horn is certainly the most commonly worn. It was emblem of the *bonus eventus* in Roman times, and Macrobius tells us that there is nothing so powerful as a horn to avert evil. The gesture *faire les cornes*, which consists in stretching the first and little finger of the hand, and folding down the others against the thumb, has no name given to it in English, but it is universally in use at Naples, and there is abundant proof from the frescoes that it was used as a gesture to avert evil in the Roman times. All these matters are so exhaustively treated by Mr. Elworthy in his work, to which we have already referred, that to carry the subject any further is only to stray from our point.

We think we have sufficiently proved that these amulets are of classical origin, and that they have held their own against the models of saints and other Christian charms. But there exists a great similarity between the attributes of the Madonna as worshipped at Naples to-day, and the Diana Tifatina of Roman times, showing that the genius of the people remains unaltered, although their cult may from external

reasons have become nominally different. We have never heard of a Madonna della Caccia, but the Madonna del Parto answers precisely to the goddess of maternity. But it is not at all impossible that in the few districts where a certain amount of migratory game is still to be found in Italy, local sportsmen may have a shrine at which an active worship may predicate good fortune in sport. Admitting that we have no goddess of the chase, we have Madonnas who fulfil pretty nearly every other attribute of the Diana of the Romans. We have the Madonna del Parto answering to the goddess of maternity, the Madonna del Pozzo answering to the goddess of pools and rivers; and the Madonna is essentially the goddess of the moon (though St. John the Evangelist may be responsible for this), and we have Madonnas who wink and weep, and perform miracles sometimes essentially useful, at others despairingly trifling.

In the Museum at Naples we have the bust of what was once an oracular statue of Diana, which was found in the temple of her twin brother Apollo at Pompeii. The mouth is open, and at the back of the head is a

speaking-tube through which no doubt the priests of that degenerate age deluded their people with their oracles. On the shoulders of the figure are two holes which appear to have contained wires to move the eyes; and Horace himself tells us how, in his journey to Brindisi, he was taken to see the local miracle of the incense being set alight by the action of a supernatural power without the application of material fire. Of modern miracles we certainly have a plethora in Italy; and when we come to look at the popular pilgrimages and processions, what are they but a revival, or a survival if you please, of the orgies of Bacchus and the rites of Paganism?

To take the shrine of Diana Tifatina which we are now considering, there are two shrines in the immediate neighbourhood of it, named Monte San Michele at Maddaloni, and Monte Vergine near Nola. These shrines are simply the scenes of an annual picnic, when the whole country-side holds high revel, just as it did in the days when the festival of Diana was held at the Mons Tifata. So few strangers are here on Whit Monday that none but residents can appreciate what the pilgrimage to Monte

Vergine means. It recalls the words of the Psalmist, "They grieved him with their hill-altars, and provoked him to displeasure with their images." Anything more unlike an act of worship to the Supreme Power, and more like a frivolous revel, could not possibly be seen. The people save up their money for months to go these pilgrimages, and but that they do not get drunk (for the Italians appear to be a more sober race than their forebears), the processions precisely resemble the pictures which the Romans have left us of their orgies, accompanied as they are by shoutings, drums, trumpets, and all kinds of intolerable music. And then the return to Naples! The fastest horses and the gayest trappings have been secured for the occasion. The women are decked in their best clothes; the whips resound with their loudest reports; the din is inconceivable as the long row of carriages dashes into town. The Posilipo road, where the majority of the pilgrims go to supper, is absolutely dangerous both to pedestrians and to sober-minded drivers; it is very noisy, very picturesque, but in its religious aspect it savours distinctly of Paganism!

CHAPTER III

THE BURIED CITIES OF CAMPANIA

The title we have given to this chapter will lead many people to think only of Pompeii and Herculaneum, for of the many buried cities of Southern Italy these are the two most universally familiar to the travelling public. But there are in fact many others, less known perhaps, but in their way scarcely less interesting. We have remains of towns which were once highly powerful and highly civilised; towns which had their armies and their fleets too; towns which were not afraid to challenge the supremacy of Rome herself in the days before she was the undisputed mistress of the world. Let us glance over the list of them, premising that it is not a complete one, as there is no doubt that other cities still lie undiscovered at our doors.

We have Cumae the oldest Greek settlement in Italy; Capua the chief southern fortress of Rome, and now one of the principal garrisons of Italy; Baiae the fashionable resort of all the gilded aristocracy of the first century; Dikearchia, afterwards called Puteoli, a town of great commércial importance; Parthenope, Neapolis, and Palaeopolis, all cities whose site is now covered by the modern town of Naples; Suessola, whose healing waters were largely sought after in ancient times; and last, but not least, Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Stabiae, which all shared the same fate in the first century of our era. Besides these we have a buried city more important than any of them, namely Paestum, which, though not in Campania, is so near the border that we should be almost justified in including it in our researches. And besides these cities, we notice remains of ancient buildings scattered all over the country, as we drive along the roads; or if we skirt the shores of the lovely bay, are not its cliffs and coves literally honeycombed with the ruins of magnificent villas, which were once the pride and glory of the sybaritic Patricians?

We have thus a large amount of ground to go over, and a period of history which is second to none in interest. We begin with the foundation of Cumae about 650 B.C., and we finish with the destruction of Pompeii in November 79 A.D. The period comprises the colonial ambition and expansion of Greece; the golden age of her art and literature; the time when she was the home of ethics and science, when her architects, painters, and sculptors were the greatest in the world (and these have ever remained unequalled), when her armies held the mighty Persian hosts at bay, when her navies swept every known sea, when her immortal literature was penned, and her athletes broke the record of the world. We shall see Rome rise and reach the zenith of her power; we shall glance at the golden age of Augustus; and finally witness the birth of Christ, an event the importance of which has not been dimmed by nearly twenty centuries of time, nor minimised by the countless hosts of its detractors. Nor will our task be complete till we have seen St. Paul land at Puteoli, and the Christian religion firmly rooted in Italy.

We have placed the time of the colonisation

of Cumae at 650 B.C., but of course we are ready to admit the uncertainty of the date, within a hundred years or so. It may have been founded before, but the evidence is pretty clear that it was not founded after the middle of the seventh century B.C. It is generally admitted that it was the oldest of the Greek colonies established in Italy, and that the first effort of the colonists was to settle in the island of Ischia, which is separated from Cumae by a narrow strait. Ischia, then as now, was subject to violent earthquakes, and the colonists, though doubtless well accustomed to these phenomena in their own country, were so disturbed by them that they determined to transfer their settlement to the mainland, and to accept the risks of war rather than those of the relentless violence of the natural phenomena. Now immediately opposite to Ischia is a rocky promontory such as the Greeks delighted in for the erection of an Acropolis. They selected sites almost identical with this one at Locri, Naples, and many other places in Italy, and in fact the sacred Acropolis of Athens herself is exactly similar to those we have mentioned. To Cumae accordingly the colonists migrated from Ischia,

and their first care no doubt was to fortify their citadel. This was particularly easy of accomplishment, as the rock is absolutely inaccessible on its sea-front, and very difficult of access from the land side at any but its south-eastern corner. Here was the only gate which led into the fortress, and this was flanked by a mighty wall built of huge blocks of stone, which stand in their imposing grandeur to this day. The road from the outside leading up to the top was paved in the same way that the "Via Appia" is, but may perhaps have been of a later period, for the "Domitian" way joins it at a few yards from the city, and this was no doubt a road of much later construction. We know all about the land side of the acropolis, but the approach from the sea leaves a good deal of ground for conjecture. The colonists must have had a harbour of some sort. The beach at this spot is so exposed that even with our modern appliances a boat could not land there in safety in the winter, on account of the surf. They must therefore have had a harbour, and various conjectures have been hazarded as to where that harbour may have been. Dikearchia is manifestly too far off, and it

seems not unlikely from the configuration of the ground that what is now the Lake Fusaro may in those days have been the harbour of Cumae. The original colonists, having come partly from Aeolia and partly from Eretria in Euboea, were thoroughly seafaring folk, and may be depended upon to have looked keenly to the naval as well as the military fitness of the locality before they decided upon it. It is clear too that they gave their settlement its name, and as colonists have done in all ages they chose one of their home names and called it after the Cumae which already existed in Aeolia.

Having thoroughly secured their fortress, the colonists turned their attention to walling in that portion of the plain which was to provide them with the means of subsistence, and ultimately to be built over and become an important city. Once fairly established, the prosperity of the place increased by leaps and bounds. The colony acquired a vast commerce, the city being situated in the centre of the "Falernus Ager," then, as now, as rich a bit of land as any in Italy. The population is estimated to have reached the aggregate of 50,000 souls, and to have

possessed itself of the greater part of Campania. From hence sprang many important colonies which owned Cumae as their Mother State. Paestum was probably colonised independently, but it is practically certain that Palaeopolis, Dikearchia, and even distant Messina owed their existence to Cumaean enterprise. Prosperity is the parent of envy, and as soon as the new settlement was rich, it began to attract the attention of its neighbours. The Etruscans made a strong expedition against it in 474 B.C., when Hiero, the powerful tyrant of Syracuse, came to the assistance of the colonists, and meeting the Etruscan fleet, annihilated it off the walls of the Acropolis. This escape did not altogether save Cumae, for about fifty years after, the Campanians attacked her, broke up the colony and enslaved the inhabitants. In Roman times she became first a "Municipium" and after a suburb of fashionable Baiae, until the population was driven out by the malaria which infested them both; and since that time, but for her magnificent agricultural capabilities, she has become merely a geographical expression.

But though neglected and despised, and per-

haps because she was neglected and despised, Cumae has been a very fruitful field to the excavator. The finds from her necropolis form an important item of the collections in the Naples Museum, and they are not yet exhausted, though nothing of the first importance has come to light during the last few years. The three-story tomb discovered by the Count of Syracuse is historical. The building consists of three tombs, the one above the other; the lowest being early Greek, the next late Greek, and the upper one Roman. In the upper one were four headless trunks, with wax masks in the place where the head should have been. It is probable that they were the corpses of Christians beheaded during the persecutions of Diocletian, a coin of his date having been found in the tomb. Of the wax masks, one is in the Naples Museum, the others perished on exposure. The late Mr. King in his well-known book on ancient gems and rings says, "The face is that of a man, and a slight distortion of the nose and lips proves that the mould was taken from the face during life." This would mean that before execution the friends of the prisoners were permitted to take

casts from their faces, and that after execution they were allowed to bury the corpses where they pleased. Further, the style and position of the tomb indicate a certain command of money, unless the sepulchre had been built for some one else, and was merely appropriated. Apart from the gruesomeness of the idea of taking the cast of a friend's face before he was executed, the whole conjecture, though generally accepted, has a flavour of suspicion about it. Of the lower tombs nothing can be said, except that the style of the vases found indicated their date, the vases themselves not having been sufficiently described to enable us to identify them, though they are among those found by the Count of Syracuse at Cumae and are now in the Naples Museum.

The necropolis of Cumae, as is usual with ancient burial-grounds, was not a separate acre or so of ground devoted specifically to the purpose, as is the custom with us, but the tombs were all ranged on either side of the highway leading from the town into the country. Thus at Rome we find the Appian Way lined with tombs; we find the same at Pompeii; and throughout Italy the custom is of the highest

antiquity, for the Etruscans practised it at Volterra, and the earliest Greeks at Cumae. We have personally had the privilege of being present at the opening of many tombs at Cumae, and have witnessed many remarkable finds. Of these perhaps the most unique occurred in two tombs found side by side on the same side of the road, and not very far from the three-story tomb we have spoken of. They were small, carefully-built vaults about three feet square, and on opening them we found them to contain bronze vases about the size of coal-scuttles. On opening these, great was our delight to find silver urns inside the bronze ones! We had never found bronze urns before, much less silver ones. Alas! no date of the tomb was present. The executors had spent all the assets on their testator of the urns, and had not a halfpenny left to put in among the ashes wherewith to pay the grim ferryman who was to convey his spectre across the Acheron. This little tribute to the superstition of the day seems to have been more common in the Roman times than in the earlier periods; and more usual in the burial than in the cremation cycles. We have frequently taken a coin out of

the mouth of a skeleton in the burial periods, but it is rare to find one among the ashes in an urn. The only logical explanation is that Charon accepted payment from the gentry who had been cremated, and refused it from the unfashionable people who had been buried!

As might be expected in a necropolis so ancient as that of Cumae, we find tombs of all the periods of Greek and Roman times, and we find cremation and burial side by side. But we can only argue from this that the same cemetery was used by successive generations, and we must not argue that one method or the other was resorted to merely at the caprice of the deceased or his executors. These two methods of disposing of the dead alternate in fairly well-defined cycles in the history of our period, as indeed they do in the history of the world; for after nineteen centuries of burial are we not now entering upon a period of cremation? Is it not possible that burial, now the rule, will be the exception in 1950? At the beginning of our era, cremation was the rule, one might say the universal rule of the Romans, and it was Christianity which reintroduced burial, in adherence to the Jewish custom, and

in imitation of the "tomb hewn out of the rock" in which Our Lord was laid, they constructed the Catacombs. We have never found traces of any Christian tombs at Cumae, but this is accounted for by the fact that Cumae was probably virtually deserted before that religion had made any great headway in Italy. Many Christian burials of very early periods have been found at Pozzuoli only four miles off. These are determined by the emblems found in them, such as the fish, the palm-branch, the seven-branch candlestick, and so on, which are sometimes carved on the outer slab, and sometimes embossed upon lamps, for in the early times lamps were found in Christian, as well as in heathen sepulchres.

Gold and silver jewelry, as well as engraved gems and coins, are frequently found in the heathen tombs at Cumae, but it is by the painted vases that the date of a tomb can most certainly be ascertained. Jewelry was sometimes mortuary, that is made of thin gold leaf, expressly for the dead, and as an ornament to the corpse, but often the shroud was fastened with gold brooches, and very frequently (though not as frequently as we should like) we find the

most magnificent tiaras, necklaces, bracelets, and rings buried with the deceased. The engraved gems of the ancients were the signets by which every business transaction was authenticated, and were constantly buried with their owners. It was a felony to make two alike, and in ancient gems we have a compendium of their gods, their heroes, their legends and their beliefs. These subjects were as much "Sacred Subjects" to them as Madonnas and saints were to the medieval artists, or Biblical subjects to ourselves.

The painted vases are commonly but erroneously called "Etruscan," whereas from the form and orthography of the inscriptions upon them it is quite certain that they are Greek. The Etruscans did not paint their vases, they only embossed them with quaint figures and rough designs; but the Greeks knew how to draw a true line on a round surface, an art which is lost to the world in any but a mechanical sense. The period of Greek vase-painting extends from 600 to 200 B.C., when metal began to take the place of clay for domestic purposes, and we find saucepans and other culinary implements made of

bronze and carefully silvered over on the inner surface to prevent oxidisation with its attendant dangers. As might be expected, every period of vase-painting is represented at Cumae, and the rise, progress, perfection, transition, and decadence are all present to tell us the age of the tomb we are exploring. A certain class of vases called the "Panathenaic" is particularly interesting because they bear an inscription stating that they were the prizes given in the games at Athens, and great numbers of these have been found in various parts of Italy, showing that the colonists made it a practice to attend the games of Athens, and gave a very good account of themselves when they got there. Thus Strabo tells us that "the last wrestler of Crotona in Calabria was equal to the best of the other Greeks," an assertion which the number of these vases found in tombs in Italy abundantly bears out, and the fact that they were buried with their owners is the best possible proof of the store they set by them. The decoration upon them consists on the obverse of a figure of Athena standing between two pillars surmounted by fighting cocks, which represent

the posts round which the competitors turned at the two extremes of the "stadium." Alongside one of these pillars was the legend, "Of the games of Athens," and sometimes the names of the "Archons" during whose rule the games had been held. When the names of the Archons appear we know the precise year in which the contest was held. One of the most celebrated of these vases, and the oldest extant, was found by Mr. Burgon at Athens, and now may be seen bearing his name among the treasures of the British Museum.

The Greeks not only imported many vases into Italy, but established many factories in that country, notably at Nola and Tarentum. These were decorated with mythological scenes, and often with scenes from the favourite tragic poets. These vases are always found in tombs, where they were deposited with the armour, trinkets, and other objects which the deceased had most valued in his lifetime, in the belief that he would use them in his future state. For the same reason some slaves and a horse were frequently sacrificed at his burial-place, a custom of which we have a survival in these

days when the charger is led in the *cortège* of a military officer's funeral, and not unfrequently shot afterwards.

Dikearchia, or Puteoli, as it was called by the Romans, is the nearest to Cumae of all the colonies founded by her. We have given our reasons for stating that Cumae had a port of her own, which has probably been obliterated by the upheavals of the foreshore, and when we get to Puteoli, we have an extremely interesting specimen of what these upheavals were. Owing to the large corn trade which came from Egypt to Puteoli, it was a place particularly well adapted for the institution of the worship of Serapis. We are driven to the conclusion that many Egyptians lived there, because we find so many traces of them in the Puteoli tombs, and we know that the Roman emperors decorated the Serapeum there with great solemnity in the third century A.D. The temple stood on the sea-shore and was of course high and dry at that time; and again we hear of it in the sixteenth century, when it was high and dry again. Between these dates we know nothing of it except the geological evidence that it must have been

submerged. Now the geological evidence is particularly striking, for the columns of the temple are bored by lithodomi some eight or ten feet higher than the present water-level, which rises now a little above their bases. At the time of their submersion the bases were no doubt covered with sand and thus protected from the insects, but the shafts of the columns are honeycombed by them, proving that the columns were submerged for some centuries. History is silent, but legend has not left the matter alone. In a book called the *Apocryphal Acts of Peter and Paul*, published in the "Ante-Nicene Library" series, and admittedly written in the ninth century A.D., we are told that when Saint Paul arrived at Putiole (*sic*) the shipmaster landed, no doubt to deposit his articles at the Consulate, and being "himself also bald" was mistaken for the Apostle and promptly beheaded! Whereat Saint Paul "being grieved with a great grief," went out to a place called "Baias," and in a prayer, singularly well worded for its period, called down the vengeance of heaven on Putiole. The account ends with these words, "Looking up with their eyes they all see that

city of Putiole sunk into the shore about a fathom; and there it is unto this day for a remembrance under the sea." It must not be supposed that this is the only evidence of the variation of the sea-level in this region; for at Baia we have houses and streets under water, which are visible from a boat in calm weather, though they are many feet below the surface, and the Roman harbour at Puteoli itself tells the same tale to the scientific observer.

Puteoli contained a splendid amphitheatre of the Augustan period, which was originally constructed for the revolting sport called *Naumachia* or sea-fight, which consisted in filling the amphitheatre with water and rowing two armed boats full of slaves into the middle of it, and allowing them to hack themselves to pieces in the middle of it till the whole tank was a lake of blood! This abominable sport was put an end to by the *lex Petronia*, not so much on account of its foul cruelty as because it was difficult to provide slaves enough for the purpose. The tank was then arched over, and an amphitheatre made, the sports in which, though scarcely less brutal

and degrading, at all events involved a far less amount of waste of slave life. The tank was thus divided into capacious cells (as may be seen to this day), which have apertures at the top. These were closed with boards when the performances were held, and the whole floor was covered with a thick layer of sand, from which the term *arena*, which simply means "sand," has survived to our time.

The amphitheatre of Puteoli is one of the most complete and interesting in Italy, competing seriously with the Flavian amphitheatre or Colosseum at Rome, for the water conduits are distinctly traceable, and the evolution of the sports is perfectly clear. That these sports were very much appreciated in the neighbourhood of Naples is also abundantly evident, for we have noble arenas at Pozzuoli and Capua, as well as at Cumae and Pompeii, all within the radius of a few miles, and there is no saying that we may not find some more some day. The inscriptions leave no room for doubt that there were games at Ischia, even if there were no amphitheatre there, and one cannot help wondering where the ancients obtained the number of gladiators, slaves, Christians,

and wild beasts to provide all these amusements. The amphitheatres were all built by the Romans, for they had nothing in common with the Greek circus, which seems to have been a large enclosure of an oval shape, with a low wall in the centre, dedicated solely to athletic games and chariot-racing. The Romans were a distinctly imitative people, took their ideas of public entertainments from the Greeks, and modified them to their own debased tastes.

The ancient city of Capua, of which only the amphitheatre remains, was founded by the Etruscans in very early times. The Samnites took possession of it in 420 B.C., and made a strong fortress of it, but it was always the Corinth of Italy, a city noted for luxury. It was here that Hannibal wintered after the battle of Cannae, and his soldiers became so demoralised that they could not again hold their own against the victorious legions of Rome. Perhaps the most interesting as well as the most ancient of her antiquities are the tufa statues of the Oscan goddess of maternity, representing an old woman of life-size holding half a dozen infants on each arm. It is a pity

that one of these statues is not removed to the Naples Museum, where it would give pleasure to so many people, instead of being buried in the little museum of Capua which has so few visitors. We know but little of Capua in the Greek period except the evidence afforded by the Greek tombs, which have given us finds as rich as those of Cumae. Among other striking curiosities found at Capua was an artificial leg, which was found in the tomb of its owner. Did his executors think it would be of service to him on the other side of the "Acheron"? This unique specimen is now in the museum of the College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It is made of a thin lamina of bronze modelled like a human leg, at the upper end of which was a cavity large enough to contain the stump of the amputated limb, and below this the bronze was filled up with a wooden core. At the base of the core was an iron stirrup, which no doubt secured a wooden foot, but the foot not being protected by bronze had perished. The stirrup was so fixed that it allowed a certain amount of play to the foot, just enough to enable the wearer to avoid the friction which

a perfectly rigid limb would have caused him. The following quotation from the seventh book of Pliny's *Natural History* will be interesting.

> I suppose every one would admit that Marcus Sergius the great-grandson of Catiline had not diminished the fame of his name, since he lost his right hand in his second campaign. . . . He made himself an iron right hand, and, with this fastened on, he having forced on a battle, raised the siege of Cremona.

The date of the tomb in which this leg was found was of the third century B.C., to judge by the transition vases found in it. This would be nearly four hundred years older than the artificial arm mentioned by Pliny.[1]

Proceeding to Suessola we find nothing left of her but her necropolis. This is situated in the park of an Italian nobleman, and we drive through beautiful woods, and along the leafy banks of a picturesque stream, till we reach a park-like expanse of greensward such as is seldom seen in this part of Italy. Directly opposite the mansion, and not more than a

[1] The writer had the good luck to be the purchaser of the Capuan leg for the museum, and being very anxious to secure its safe arrival, after packing it very carefully, consigned it, with many injunctions, to a clerk for shipment. He sent it with a special recommendation to the captain of a ship, informing him that great care was to be taken of the box, as it contained a "Pre-Adamite artificial leg"!

quarter of a mile from it, is a patch of broken ground, which has proved to be the necropolis of the Greek settlement. It puzzles us to account for the presence of a Greek colony in such a place, for it is situated in a plain; there is no acropolis, and no special attraction that is obviously discernible; but the secret lies in the stream we have spoken of; for the water is quite warm and strongly impregnated with sulphur. We are hence forced to the conclusion that Suessola was a health resort, and that the tombs beneath our feet are tenanted by the remains of wealthy invalids. The Marquis has kindly had some three or four tombs uncovered for us. The large flat stone which we see at the bottom of each pit is about four feet below the surface, and is soon cleft into manageable pieces by a few well-directed blows from a pickaxe, and the fragments are hoisted up with a pulley. The tomb now looks like a neat slab of mud carefully enclosed between four well-built walls; for the rain has found its way in the passing centuries through the joints of the stonework, and has carried the finest possible deposit of mud with it, until the tomb has been completely filled up. We

now lower a basket (which, by the way, the natives still call by its Greek name of *kŏphanos*), and it is carefully filled again and again, till at last the neck of a vase appears above the surface. All is excitement now as the excavator cuts round it and under it with a vine-dresser's knife, casting the refuse into the basket with a trowel, until the vase is quite clear, when up it comes, and we wash the mud carefully off it in order to distinguish its period. An experienced excavator is like a good sporting dog; he always seems to know when he is coming to game. How fast he is going now! He will surely break something! He stops, and we see a bright object flashing beneath his right hand. In goes his trowel deftly, and trowel and contents are put bodily into the basket and sent up. We crumble the earth off carefully and give the object a rinse in the pail, to find that we have in our hands a lovely gold *fibula* or brooch with which loving hands had pinned that shroud two thousand years ago. We may be fortunate enough to find his signet, or, if he were a warrior, and who was not a warrior then, when might was right? we shall find his spear or his sword at his side; or if the

tomb be that of a lady, we shall assuredly find a mirror in it. These mirrors were usually made of bronze, and silvered over on the reflecting surface, the back being embossed or engraved with a design often embodying a classical legend. Thus in the Naples Museum we have a very handsome mirror made of silver throughout, and having the death of Cleopatra embossed on the back of it. No doubt this mirror was habitually in the hands of some great lady of antiquity, and reflected alike her handsome face and the elaborate *coiffure* of her back hair.

The drawing-room of the mansion is arranged as a museum. The room is a large one, and is surrounded by handsome walnut presses a hundred years old, and the central space is filled up with table-cases. Both the presses and the tables are full of treasures from the tombs, neatly arranged and properly classified. There are some specimens well known to archaeologists in the collection; more than one vase of wide reputation, and some excellent specimens of glass, bronze, and goldsmith's work. But the specialty of the collection has yet to be noticed; for Suessola has given us a

class of ornaments never, as far as we know, found elsewhere. They consist of bracelets and other ornaments made of a kind of pinchbeck, which closely resembles gold in appearance. It seems unaccountable that this out-of-the-way place should have had a special metal of its own.

Let us now take the railway line that passes on the farther side of Vesuvius, and passing the flourishing town of Nola, where the Greeks made some of their finest vases, roll on through a plain which grows every product known in the temperate zone, and many products belonging to the torrid zone as well. We see vines, oranges, lemons, hazel and walnuts, pears, apples, every kind of stone fruit; Indian corn, flax, all the usual cereals; tomatoes, cotton, tobacco, madder, liquorice, rice, mulberries; in fact, there seems no end to this exuberant fertility. And in the midst of it all stands the grim monster Vesuvius, puffing out huge volumes of steam, as if to remind us that all this wealth is subject to his sway, and all this fertility at his disposal. For in a moment, and with no warning at all, he is capable of rolling out a stream of red-hot lava,

to flow down his sides like a rushing torrent, carrying all before it, crushing down houses as if they were made of paper, and enveloping the mighty forest trees till their sap hisses within them, and they explode, and are shivered with a report like a cannon-shot.

A sharp bend in the line brings us in view of the Bay of Naples.

We halt at a station midway between Pompeii and Herculaneum, and we can choose which we will visit first. Herculaneum is sixty feet below the surface; Pompeii is on the level, having only been covered by pumice-stone and loose débris. It requires only a spade to excavate Pompeii, but it takes a chisel to make an impression on Herculaneum.

For although these towns were destroyed by the same eruption, they were destroyed in totally different ways. The mountain threw up a vast mass of loose volcanic matter, which was carried by the N.W. gale over Pompeii, and filled it up just as an Alpine village is filled up by a snowstorm; whereas quite a different set of phenomena were occurring on the other side of the mountain. There a torrent, not of molten lava, but of liquid mud, was pouring down the

slopes, and this rushed to the doomed city, filling up every cranny with warm water, and as this drained away it left a deposit, which has since hardened into the consistency of stone and carefully preserved through all these intervening centuries the art treasures committed to its care. Yes; these cities were not destroyed by Vesuvius, they were preserved by it; and our regret must be that the catastrophe did not happen some fifty years before, when a purer style of art flourished in Italy; for thus treasures greater far than those we have found would have been ours.

The great finds of Herculaneum were all discovered in one villa, which seems to have belonged to Calpurnius Piso, a member of a very important family, and a man distinguished for his admirable taste as well in art as in letters. The plate in his pantry is fine enough to excite the jealousy of the Goldsmiths' Company; the bronzes in his garden make us shudder as we look upon the bronzes of London; our Royal Academicians have to confess that they cannot rival his pictures; and our engravers stand aghast when they contemplate his gems. Nor was this all, for he had a large

and well-filled library, full of philosophical works, and on the top of his book-shelves were bronze portraits of his favourite authors.

We must not, however, fall into too common a trap, and argue that because the chief treasures of the Naples Museum come from Herculaneum, therefore the art of the place was distinctly superior to that of Pompeii. We must recollect that good fortune enabled us to light upon three important buildings at Herculaneum, namely, the theatre, the basilica, and the villa of Calpurnius Piso. The rest of the city hitherto excavated is below the Pompeiian average. The villa and the basilica have both been filled up again; because in those days, tramways being unknown, they did not know what to do with the rubbish. We therefore, in all probability, hit upon the two richest spots in the city; and it would be just as fair to judge of the average pictures in a London house after seeing only the National Gallery, as to judge the average value of the art of Herculaneum from a view of the treasures of Piso, who must have been alike a critic and a collector. His library alone is the most curious of the finds of Herculaneum. It was a room surrounded by

shelves, upon which were a number of charred rolls of papyrus. These were at first taken to be charcoal, and the house was called "the house of the coal merchant," but they turned out to be books, rolled after the ancient manner. A process was discovered by which they could be unrolled and read, and there is no saying what literary treasures this library may not contain. Hitherto nothing of the first importance has been found, the works being chiefly philosophical; but there is every reason to hope that a wealthy man's library contained in 79 A.D. many works which have been lost to the world. Just imagine what a flutter there would be in the ecclesiastical world if a copy of one of the Gospels were to turn up, or suppose we were to find a lost book of Homer or Virgil? It is rather a remarkable thing in this connection that though we find plenty of lines of Virgil scribbled about the walls, we have not found a single word from Horace, who was his admirer and contemporary; and, withal, the Romans of that day were fond of amatory poetry, and wrote it upon the walls pretty freely. One amusing line runs

Candida me docuit nigras odisse puellas.
Candida (the fair girl) taught me to hate the dark girls.

Under this a wit wrote

Oderis sed iteras.
You will hate them; but you will go back to them.

Let us now walk leisurely through the sunny streets of Pompeii, and people them in imagination with Roman citizens. It is a winter afternoon, and the shadows of the columns of the Forum throw their dusky lines across the silvery travertine of its brilliant pavement. All the "upper ten" are there, for there is a show in the amphitheatre this afternoon, and did not one of Panza's swiftest galleys bring over a consignment of wild beasts from Africa to do credit to the occasion, and popularise his appointment as Aedile? Every one must be there! Were not the baths heated an hour earlier to-day that we might all be ready? Has not every Pompeiian had an early lunch to-day? See them all passing down the street of Abundance on their way to the amphitheatre. There is the Praetor in his robes of office! He condemned two men to death this morning, and they will form part of the sport to-day. Their offences were trivial, and some people said that the Praetor only wished to add an attraction to the show. But it is not worth

while to be uncharitable. After all they would only live a little longer and die of something else; and in the amphitheatre it is soon over. How could a slave die better?

As the crowd goes down the street they pass a house (No. 9 is its present designation) where there is a woman lying ill in her bed. Does she envy the busy crowd going by? Does she ask where they are going to, or is she past that? We look upon her skeleton lying upon the bed to-day as it lay in the flesh 1900 years ago, but dead men tell no tales, and the bones are silent!

Yes, all Pompeii is *not* at the show! There are the sick and the suffering, the blind and the halt and the lame; there are the slaves who are preparing the banquet of the evening, the rascals who are on the lookout for an unprotected house; there are children whose parents think them too young for the revolting spectacle; ay, perhaps there are grown-up people too who think that a time will come when a higher culture will discountenance these barbarities.

Hark to the merry laugh of the children of Diomede as we pass his house! Let us look over his wall, and we see their mother on the

terrace above with the baby in her arms! Is it this little domestic tyrant who has kept her at home? We should incline to this belief were it not that Diomede himself is playing at hide-and-seek with the older children in the garden below! See, he lets go of as bright a little lassie as ever brought sunshine into any man's home (and Diomede's has ever been the happiest of homes). His face turns deadly white, and the merry peal of childish laughter seems to grate on his ears. He is looking at the mountain now; his wife is asking him whatever is the matter. He can't answer, but she turns mechanically round and sees a huge column of black smoke being thrown up hundreds of feet into the air. Barely a moment after, though it seems to them an eternity, ten thousand thunders rend the air, and the house reels to its foundations!

No one who has not experienced an earthquake can imagine the awful moment that succeeds it. It is a moment of terrible tragic silence. But Diomede is not frightened, for he was living in the same house sixteen years before, when the city was torn and shivered by them. Did not his cellar shelter his family

then? and will it not preserve them now? was not all else made into a heap of ruins, and has he not still got some amphorae of what he calls the "Earthquake wine," which was there then, and is there safely now? To the cellar then with all speed! and mother and children, nurses and babies, rush down the steps and close the door. But Diomede is not there! No, he has gone for a moment to his safe, to fetch thence some gold, the rents of his Campanian farms. One of the slaves has brought a lantern into the cellar, and it is a great comfort, as the children would be afraid of the dark; and now they look upon their position in the light of an adventure, and are rather pleased at it than otherwise! But their mother is anxious. . . . What does the gold matter? Why does not Diomede come? Her quick ear hears his well-known footfall, and she signs her own death-warrant by telling the slave to open the door for his master! For during this brief delay a heavy shower of dust has fallen on the devoted city, and it pours like an avalanche into the cellar. The last sound this unhappy woman hears is the death-cry of her husband as he falls with his money-bags,

stifled, at the cellar-door, and then she sinks down among the children and dies, as so many thousands are dying around her.

And there they lay buried for eighteen hundred years. Father and slave without, mother, children, and servants within (eighteen in all), money and jewels, lantern and keys, alone remaining to tell their mute tale of tragic suffering and untimely death.

GOING HOME

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CHAPTER IV

AN IDEAL GARDEN-FARM

At the point of Posilipo where a cutting through the hill leads us to the "Belvedere," from which we obtain such a beautiful view of the Bay of Pozzuoli, with Baia and the islands of the Italian Archipelago, in the rich glow of the evening light, the visitor will hardly fail to notice a pair of handsome iron gates, flanked by porters' lodges, and bearing on the top of them the legend "Sans Souci," and the crest of the well-known Yorkshire family of Strickland. The property has been in his family for fifty years, during which time they have resided upon it all the year round, devoting their lives to introducing the best systems of cultivation and conducting agricultural experiments which have made their farm the envy of all around them. The garden is on the crest of the

Posilipo hill, and surrounds a handsome mansion. A wall twelve feet high is built round the entire property, in order to keep out light-fingered neighbours, and gentlemen who walk about with a gun to pursue the thrilling sport of *la chasse aux petits oiseaux*. If we could find parliamentary language strong enough, we should like to denounce these slayers of bird life in no measured terms. They have rendered Italy birdless. One may travel the length and breadth of Southern Italy, and count on the fingers of one hand the birds that one sees. This statement excludes migrants, of which there are a great number, many of which, such as the quail, woodcock, and thrush, are admittedly articles of food and legitimate prey. So, too, the snipe and the numerous varieties of wild duck which come over here in their season: but it does not include the song-thrush, the blackbird, the nightingale, the robin, the chaffinch, and many other birds, which migrate, it is true, if circumstances compel them to, but would build and rest and be thankful were they permitted to do so. In proof of this statement we can point to many places where birds are to be found in

plenty, such as the Royal Park at Capodimonte, close to Naples, and the private grounds of a few bird-lovers, where so-called sporting is discouraged. We are convinced that during the greater portion of the year birds are the farmer's friends, and we are certain that Italy owes a great deal of the loss she suffers from caterpillars and other noxious insects to the wholesale destruction of her indigenous birds. But enough; to his honour be it said, Mr. Strickland protects his birds, and we are convinced that he is none the poorer for it!

Mr. W. H. Hudson, in a letter to the *Times* of the 2nd September 1896, writes as follows:—

> Space is wanted here to speak of the slaughter of larks and wheatears; enough has been said to show that the people of Sussex, by permitting this state of things on their coast, are inflicting a serious injury on neighbouring counties where bird life is valued, and on the country at large. The position of Sussex in England corresponds, roughly speaking, to that of Italy in Europe; those who are concerned with the question of bird-protection on the Continent, and who advocate combined action of the various countries, are convinced that without the co-operation of Italy little can be done.

We have said enough to show that this co-

operation is very far indeed from being an accomplished fact. Every bird that can be cooked or kept in a cage is trapped or shot, and every rare and beautiful bird throughout the country is hotly pursued by any number of cockney shooters, who hasten its mutilated body to the bird-stuffers with the greatest possible celerity. From thence it finds its way to their houses, where it is kept as a sort of sporting trophy till the thrifty house-wife throws it into the dust-bin, because it is filling the house with moth.

Mr. Strickland's property consists of twenty-two acres, of which about half is planted with vines and the remainder with fruit trees and ornamental shrubs. The western part of the garden is a sloping plain, but the eastern side is a hill, falling sharply to the sea, and is all banked up into terraces and devoted to the cultivation of the best vines. The construction of these terraces is particularly ingenious. When a hill is to be terraced it is usual to engage a gang of ten or twelve men, with a foreman who is an expert at the trade, and is responsible for the work executed. As soon as the vintage is over and labour easily to be had,

the foreman sets to work, beginning at the bottom of the hill, and working upwards step by step. On the completion of the first terrace, the slope of it is faced up with beaten mould, and the upper surface of it well broken up to a considerable depth, in order to prepare the ground for the insertion of the plants. The height of the terraces has to be regulated according to the steepness of the hill, a very steep hill requiring very high terraces, as they must be made broad enough to allow plenty of room for the roots to obtain nourishment. The best wine is that grown upon terraces, because the plants get more air and more heat refraction; for it is a notable fact that the hotter the vineyard the stronger the wine.

One of Mr. Richard Cobden's pithy sayings was that no one knew how much money could be got out of an acre of land if enough capital were put into it; but we do not think that Mr. Cobden could ever have contemplated the result had he had to deal with an acre of well-selected land in Southern Italy. We expect in the following pages to make the mouth of the British landowner water, for with all our scientific cultivation, all our experience, and the

vast capital expended on the gardens of British country-houses, we feel convinced that there is no ground on the British Isles with anything like such an output of flowers, fruit and vegetables as the twenty-two acres we are about to describe. The soil is volcanic and of very considerable depth, so much so that in planting fruit trees trenches eleven feet deep are dug; this, of course, brings virgin soil to the surface, and allows the roots an abundant spread in search of nourishment.

Let us first deal with the vineyard proper, which consists of nine acres, partly on the western plain, but mostly on the slope of the hill facing east and south-east. And for the cultivation of the vine altitude and orientation must be strictly taken into account. The greatest altitude at which the vine will grow in Italy may be stated at 4000 feet, and this, of course, only in specially favoured localities; the vineyard we are describing is not more than 800 feet above the sea, and consequently in most seasons free from any but the lightest frosts, which are hardly ever sufficient to damage the vines, though they necessitate a certain amount of protection for the oranges and lemons. Let

us now follow the cultivation of the vines. We have seen how the terraces are made, and we will suppose the vines planted in them at distances of ten feet apart. The plants in the ground we are treating of were all imported into Italy in days long gone by, when the phylloxera and peronospera, those dreaded diseases which have decimated the French vineyards, and brought many of the Italian ones to the verge of ruin, were unknown. In those days plants might be freely imported; now there is a strict prohibition of the practice, and the vines before us were imported some twenty years ago from France and Germany, and have thoroughly justified the experiment. The character of the wine gets to a certain extent modified by the change of soil and climate; it usually acquires a greater percentage of alcohol, but it remains essentially a better wine than the ordinary wine of the country, commands a higher price, and might in the hands of an unscrupulous merchant be sold as a French or German wine as the case might be.

We must now pass over an interval of four years till our plants get into full bearing, and then from November to March we must prune

them energetically, and train their long shoots on canes in such a way that the fruit when it comes shall have as much sun and air as it can get. We must avoid the deleterious Italian custom of planting vegetables and fruit on the terraces between the vines, because the manure and cultivation and watering necessary in this country for vegetables do not agree with the roots of the vine. In April, when the plants first begin to sprout, it is necessary to dress them over with a solution of 3 per cent of sulphate of copper mixed with water, which must be renewed later on when the fruit-buds begin to show. This will guarantee the crop from the ravages of the vine disease. The operation is performed by a man with a tank shaped like a knapsack on his back, which contains the fluid. To the base of it a syringe is attached, and with this, both his hands being free, he squirts the composition over the vines. The sun and the rain and the gentle summer breezes do the rest, and when summer comes round the fruit colours and ripens, and in September we come to the vintage, a function answering to the harvest home of Old England. It is true that the poetry of the matter has

vanished to a great extent. In the olden days the owner and the farmer, the youths and the maidens, made a great annual festival of the vintage. All gathered together, and one after another jumped into the tub and trod away at the grapes till they were out of breath, for all alike went barefoot, and there was a prejudice, not altogether unsupported by the facts, that grapes could not be pressed by machinery because the machine crushed the stones, and thus imparted a bitter flavour to the wine. Besides, it was as lucky to take a tread in the wine tub as it was in old days at home to stir the Christmas pudding! So all, gentle and simple, took a turn at the tub to show there was no ill-feeling. But we have left the days of poetry behind, and must turn to the more commonplace and rational methods of science. We want to make the best and most marketable wine we can, and to do this we must use the greatest care and adopt the most modern methods. First of all we must pick our fruit with judgment, choosing only that which is ripe, and leaving the rest for a few more days. Then we must be careful to keep our sorts separate, or if we mix them we must be sure

that we are mixing kinds which blend satisfactorily, for this is a matter of primary importance. Every grape must be selected for our first quality wine, and carefully put into the press; the remainder may be put on one side for the common wine, which, though eminently useful in its way, is destined for the consumption of our labourers and not to be sent to market. We may now put the press in motion and run off the bright juice into the tub beneath, the machine itself automatically casting out the stalks, but leaving the stones and skins in the machine, whence they and the wine will be transferred into vats to undergo the necessary processes of fermentation, fining, and bottling. Every point in the manufacture requires most scrupulous care and the most scrupulous cleanliness. We must not use presses, tubs or vats for white grapes which have been used before for red ones, otherwise our wine, instead of being colourless, as the best white wine ought to be, will be amber-coloured; nor must we mix white and red grapes (though this is often done in Italy), or we shall get a wine of a tawny colour and unsatisfactory in its keeping qualities. It is a common Italian custom to leave the

wine often for as long as ten days upon the lees, five days being the maximum which should be allowed, the expression being, "I made it boil for ten days." The result of this is to obtain wines of a very much deeper colour, but wines thus treated are neither good to keep nor safe to travel, and besides that, they acquire a loaded character which renders them indigestible. The lees have their own special use in the economy of wine-making. They go to the laboratory, where they are subjected to still further pressure, and converted by chemical processes into "argols," which are duly exported to Great Britain and the United States.[1] The special types of wines we are making consist of white wines grown from the Rhenish grapes; a sweet Muscat made from the muscatelle; and from red grapes a Burgundy called "Merlot"; a Bordeaux known by the name of Olivella; "Moscato rosso," made from Procida grapes, a sweet wine something of the port type, and "Pappamosca," a wine grown from Neapolitan

[1] Mr. Strickland does not sell the lees of his wines, but causes them to undergo a second pressure with a certain amount of water added to them. This makes a beverage of which the labourers are very fond. The stones are then gathered and used for feeding the fowls, and the stalks when calcined make an admirable "ley" for washing purposes, as there is so much potash in them.

grapes of the ordinary Posilipo type. Besides these we shall make a quantity of lighter or "seconds" wines, most of which will be consumed on the farm, and the remainder converted into vinegar for domestic use.

Let us now leave the production of wine, and turn to that of silk. Silkworms are voracious creatures, and may be fed on many kinds of leaves. The quality of the leaf given to the worm determines the quality of silk he will produce. Thus silk made from worms fed on oak leaves is coarse and not very saleable, whereas the mulberry leaf, as every one knows, produces the best silk all over the world. In the days when South Italian silk-growing was a principal industry, a large silk worm-house was built upon this property. It is a lofty, airy building, fitted throughout with scaffoldings and trays made of cane. Each tray is constructed to hold many hundred worms, and the building is sufficient to provide for the hatching of ten ounces of eggs, which are sufficient to produce several thousand worms. The hatching of the eggs is a simple process. They are placed in a box (called by courtesy an incubator), within which a paraffin lamp is made to burn. The

thermometer within this box has of course to be carefully watched, otherwise the little spots which our confidence in the grower makes us believe will be silkworms some day, are either baked by overheating or hatch unequally from the cold. Let us assume the eggs to be safely hatched and happily deposited upon the trays in the silk worm-house. It then becomes necessary to feed them, and for this purpose a machine like a diminutive chaff-cutter is employed. When the house is full it takes all the time of seven or eight men to gather the leaves for daily consumption, and all the time of fifteen to twenty women and girls to cut them up and prepare and distribute them for the use of the silkworms. Absolute cleanliness is indispensable, and practically speaking the "*Bigatiere*" (as it is called here) has to be watched day and night. As time passes on the silkworm weaves his own shroud, and becomes in course of nature a cocoon; these are either sold as they are or immersed in boiling water, which is the preliminary operation to their being spun off as silk. The outer walls of the house are not allowed to remain idle but are deftly covered with climbing roses, jasmine, and other flowering

creepers, which serve to keep a delightful coolness within the house and to give food to many hives of Ligurian bees which now, and ever since classical times, have been considered the most productive of their species. The mulberry grove on this property yields about 10,000 pounds weight of leaves, and the later-picked trees produce abundance of fruit as well, those which are denuded of their leaves at the beginning of the season producing of course no fruit worthy of the name.

We will pass on now to one of the most productive portions of this garden, namely the groves of oranges, lemons, mandarins, citrons, and limes. The average number of these grown in the year amounts to about 72,000. The lemons are chiefly grown on arbours which span the walks of this charming pleasure farm, and in the spring the lemon walks of Sans Souci, with their myriad items of golden fruit, scarcely hidden by the abundant foliage of the trees, is a sight which when once seen is not likely to be forgotten. Nor is the lemon grove alone the place where lemons are to be found, for we see in the orange grove a very remarkable specialty of cultivation, seen, as far as we are

aware, nowhere else. Among the many pieces of information imparted to us by our grandmothers was the erroneous notion that grafting one tree upon another altered the nature as much of the parent tree as of the graft. We remember to have held it as an article of our primitive faith, that a quince was produced by grafting an apple upon a pear, and that a blood orange was evolved by the grafting of a pomegranate upon an orange, and so forth and so on. If our readers have been brought up in the same belief, we much regret, on Mr. Strickland's authority and on that of our own observation, to dispel the illusion once and for ever. The grafting of one tree upon another makes no difference whatever either in the fruit produced by the parent stem, or in that which grows from the graft inserted into it. Thus a lemon grafted into an orange-tree remains a lemon still, while the parent stem continues merrily to produce oranges as before. Use has been made of this ordinary piece of arboricultural knowledge to increase the productiveness of the Sans Souci fruit grounds in the following manner. When an orange grove is planted the wild orange-trees are planted in

the ground at a distance of so many feet the one from the other. The trees grow to about four or five feet from the ground, and then shoot out their boughs and produce their golden fruit in such profusion that they constantly have to be propped up with forked sticks, like a linen line at home. The ground beneath them is so overshadowed with thick foliage that nothing can be grown under them, and the lower part of an orange grove usually represents a well-dug fallow clear of all weeds, but producing nothing at all from tree to tree. In the present instance the barren nature of the lower part of an orange grove has been obviated in the following ingenious way. Lemon grafts have been inserted into the barren stems of the orange-trees, and these as they grew by degrees have been trained from tree to tree, till the lower and barren part of the orange grove has become a thicket of lemon garlands. The lemons grown by this method are in no whit inferior to those grown on the arbours specially made for them, and the oranges seem none the worse from adopting a give-and-take policy with their brethren the lemons.

We may calculate the produce of the orange-

trees at about 10,000 annually. These are divided into three kinds, namely, Seville oranges, which are bitter and suitable only for preserving, blood and "Vanille," which are sweeter and more juicy, are grown for table use. The lemon-trees flower three times a year, and even in this climate it is expedient to protect them in the winter by overshadowing them with screens of straw, lest the wintry winds should chill them, or a touch of frost cause the fruit to drop off before it is ripe. When the crop, whether of oranges or lemons, is fit to be gathered, it is sold either on the trees as it stands, or else, if the proprietor is willing to speculate on the turn of the market, he calls in a gang of women, usually from Sorrento, and engages them to pack at so much per thousand, contracting with them that each fruit shall be separately rolled in tissue paper and carefully placed in boxes provided for the purpose to the best possible advantage. He then ships them to the foreign market on his own account.

The mandarin is a special kind of orange with a loose and very highly perfumed skin. These form a very valuable article of export,

but as they are picked when nearly ripe they require extra careful packing. The annual yield from the grove under consideration amounts to about 30,000, most of which are consumed in London. We presume that most people who eat "candied peel" either as a dessert fruit or as a zest in their puddings, ices, and sweets generally, never trouble to think whence it comes, or if they do think, they call it "lemon peel" or conceive that it is the peel of a fruit grown from a lemon plant which has been grafted upon an orange. The citron is in fact as different from an orange and a lemon as either of these is from the other. Each fruit grows to the weight of from three to four pounds and is useless except for its rind. It seems likely that the fact of the French name for lemon being *citron* may have caused a confusion in the public mind between the two fruits. The lime, which is of the same family as the lemon and the citron, also grows here in great profusion, but is valuable chiefly for its abundant juice, which serves to make cooling drinks in the summer season.

Although in the course of an ordinary drive

A COUNTRY CART—NAPLES CEMETERY IN THE BACKGROUND

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through any of the fruit districts in Italy one may see specimens of every fruit tree which grows in England and a great many which do not, it is the rarest thing to see an Italian fruit tree properly pruned. They are as a general rule allowed to run riot at their own sweet will, and not touched at all unless they get in one another's way. The dead wood is cut out when the owner requires a little fuel, but even this is done a good deal more for the benefit of the owner than out of consideration for the tree. The French have gained a well-deserved notoriety for the excellence of their systems of cultivation and pruning of trees, and it is upon the French method that Mr. Strickland models himself. A very important crop in this country is the fig, as the fruit comes in the spring and the different sorts continue to bear right into the late autumn, when those which have been dried in the summer take their place for winter consumption. The dried figs are of three kinds: first, those which are simply dried; secondly, those which having been dried are baked and impaled on a stick; and thirdly, (a special Neapolitan delicacy) figs dried and baked, each

fig being stuffed with an almond. The dried figs we eat in England come mostly from Smyrna and the neighbouring coasts of Asia Minor, where the climate is drier than that of Italy and grows fruit better adapted for preserving. Indeed the climate can scarcely be too dry for the production of the best figs, and fig-trees should on no account be watered. That fig-trees came here originally from Asia Minor is almost proved by their being called "Trojan"; while that they came to England from here is similarly shown by our gardeners having given them the name of "Ischian." Neapolitans are particularly partial to figs and eat them in preference to grapes, consequently a far larger number are grown than are sent to market for fruit, as they form a great part of the diet of the Italian labourer, and are always thrown in, besides his wages, as part of the daily dinner which is included in his pay. Any one who has lived in a fig-producing country will bear out the assertion that we in England do not know what a fig is, the reason being no doubt that our climate is too damp to grow them in anything like perfection even against a south

wall. A plan is adopted here to hasten the maturity of the fig by ten or twelve days which we have never heard of at home and perhaps might be tried there with advantage, namely touching the head of the fruit with a little cotton wool dipped in olive oil.

Apricots are called here "Crisuommolo," a corruption of two Greek words meaning "golden apples" showing them to have been imported here from the Levant. To "throw apricots at a person" is a local slang expression for pelting them with stones. There are in other countries slang expressions connected with garden produce. We speak of giving a person "beans," though it would be difficult to give a reason for the expression, and although the derivation of a "box on the ear" may be doubtful, the German expression "a fig on the ear" is unquestionably horticultural. With regard to every description of stone fruit, Italy can easily leave England behind where her fruit is properly cultivated. It is a matter of common observation by strangers passing through Italy that they never get fruit fit to eat in the country. The reason for this is, first, that they are seldom here in the fruit

season, but almost invariably in the winter; secondly, that in many cases the fruit purchased for the use of strangers in hotels and restaurants is generally acquired more in the interest of the landlord's pocket than in that of the digestion of his guest.

There are certain points in which the British gardener easily surpasses his Italian colleague. Currants and gooseberries may be said to be practically unknown, and the pears of Italy are not to be mentioned with those of the British Isles; the Italian strawberry, though it grows freely and has an excellent flavour, is not to be compared to the British article; and though such apples as are grown here are excellent for table use, there is nothing like the variety which is to be found in our gardens at home. Again, the Italian gardener, while growing all the fruit known in England, with the few exceptions named above, is able to produce several kinds which are quite unknown to us. The loquat or Japanese medlar grows to a considerable height and with great freedom producing large crops of this favourite fruit. Cape gooseberries also grow freely, and the variety of the cactus

known as the "prickly pear" grows so readily even on the most barren hillside that the fruit may rightly be termed an important article of the dietary of the lower classes, while the thick racquet-like leaves when cut into slices form a food of which goats are particularly fond. The plant is also extremely easy of propagation. In suitable soils it is sufficient merely to place one of the leaves in the ground and it will rapidly produce a fruit-bearing bush. We also have another fruit called the *percuoco*, a stone fruit something between a peach and an apricot but much larger than either of them. The texture of the skin resembles that of the peach, but the colour is more like that of an apricot. It is a hard juicy fruit, clinging closely to its stone, and requires to be eaten with a knife. Another winter fruit unknown in England is the *sorba*, a kind of medlar. When unripe it bears much the same relation to a pear as a "crab" does to an apple. It is gathered in September, tied up in bunches, hung to an outside wall to ripen, and is ready for the table at Christmas-time when other fruit is becoming scarce.

The kitchen garden produces all the usual

British vegetables. Rhubarb is not very frequently grown and is practically unknown to the natives, but we find a very flourishing bed of it hard by the tennis ground at the bottom of Mr. Strickland's flower garden. The Neapolitans live chiefly on fish, vegetables, and fruit, their favourites being potatoes, beans, artichokes, and especially tomatoes. These last are boiled into a preserve in the autumn months and kept in hermetically-sealed tins for use in the winter.

It is evident that to cultivate all this ground and to grow this great variety of crops upon it much manure is required. Consequently a farmyard is a necessary appendage to the estate. This is provided here in the shape of a dairy of cows, and a considerable head of poultry and pigs. One peculiarity of the farmyard is the rabbit-pit. Owing to the dryness of the soil these creatures do extremely well, and increase, as is their wont, with wonderful rapidity in a pit about ten feet deep and ten feet across. At one part of this pit there is a burrow in which they can take refuge in wet weather. This burrow is furnished with a shutter, which can be raised

or lowered at pleasure. The rabbits being habitually fed in the pit come out at feeding time without timidity; the shutter is then closed behind them, and a selection made at leisure for the next day's market.

But we have not yet exhausted the fertility of this wonderful garden, for we must feed the stock and the horses, the pigs and the rabbits. Here the banks of the terraces come in, for the grass upon them makes excellent hay, though at home it would be so sour that no stock would eat it. Nor must we forget to look at the plot of maize waving its tall stocks under the protection of the olives and walnuts, both in themselves highly remunerative crops; nor must we neglect the fact that we shall want some fuel for the winter, so we must select a tree or two for this purpose, split its trunk into logs, tie up its twigs for kindling, and put its boughs on one side to await the arrival of the charcoal-burner, for all our cooking here is done by charcoal, and if we cannot make it ourselves we must buy it sea-borne from the wooded beaches of the Roman littoral. But here we can bake and roast and grill with our own

charcoal, fry with our own oil, and heat our oven with our own logs. We might even grow our own tobacco, were it not that on account of the Government monopoly the regulations about tobacco-growing are so vexatiously severe.

What more can you want, what more can you expect from twenty-two acres? Anything more absolutely self-contained it seems to us impossible to imagine. We have veal, pork, poultry, milk, eggs, mutton, rabbits, every description of flowers, fruit, and vegetables; we make our own honey, butter, and silk, as well as wine and vinegar, we raise our own fuel, and at the bottom of the hill not ten minutes' walk from the house we may, if we choose, catch our own fish, and bring it home alive for luncheon. And after lunch we may, if we please, bestride our bicycle and without turning a treadle run down the gentle slope of the Posilipo hill for some three miles and take the busy hum of noisy Naples in exchange for the country quiet and refreshing breezes of Mr. Strickland's delightful Italian home.

A FISHERMAN AT REST

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CHAPTER V

SEA AND SUNSHINE

YACHTSMEN seem to have decided by common consent that a steam yacht painted white, and the bigger the better, is, or should be, the acme of the ambition of every amateur. For the purpose of going from place to place in these hurried days there can be no doubt that steam is infinitely preferable to sailing. But when it becomes a question of cruising in a somewhat limited area, and when that cruising is done solely as a relaxation, matters are at once placed on a different footing. A man living at Naples with a steam yacht at his disposal, can, if he picks his weather, go and return from Naples to any point in the neighbourhood within a single day; and though there are a great many such points, a yachtsman with plenty of coal at his disposal will

certainly exhaust them in a very limited time. Not so the man who is content to take the changes and chances belonging to a sailing craft, for he must always be dependent upon wind as well as weather, and can never feel himself master of the situation. There are two ways of yachting under sail in the Bay of Naples, which may be classified as the Italian way and the English way. We unhesitatingly give our preference to the latter. Any one who knows the sea songs of both nations—and who does not?—can easily distinguish the difference. The Italian sings of "Placida l'onda prospero il vento." He is all for a calm sea and a very light breeze. And his boats are built accordingly. They are so dangerously over-sailed that they are only fit to use in the lightest of light winds; and even then unless they are in the hands of an experienced captain they may easily capsize in the sudden gusts which are common in these latitudes even in the middle of summer. The British sea-song is just as contrary to that of the Neapolitan, as his boat is different in rig and seaworthiness. The Briton sings of "A wet sheet and a

flowing sea and a wind that follows fast"; he delights in a wet jacket and loves to see the swirling water rushing out of his lee scuppers; so that if he is to indulge his taste in this country he must sail in the spring and autumn in a boat which is always easy under plain sail, and has plenty of fancy sail which can be set when the wind falls light. If a stiff breeze gets up unexpectedly, he must take in his fancy sail as quickly as he can. If not, it blows away and no great harm is done. For enjoyable cruising in this neighbourhood we should recommend a boat with plenty of beam and not exceeding ten tons burden. A centre-board is a decided acquisition for beating to windward in light winds. Such a boat will enable her owner to anchor in any of the little ports within fifty miles of the city, and he will want no help for navigation other than a good pair of eyes, for he may break his bowsprit upon almost every point of the coast and still founder in deep water if it so pleases him. Of rigs for winter sailing we give the decided preference to the yawl, for we suppose our yachtsman to be more or less of a Corinthian.

In the case of a heavy puff coming up the mainsail can be lowered and the boat will ride pleasantly under a mizzen and head sails although the sea may be disagreeably heavy. It must be remembered that very often there is not time to reef, unless of course the yachtsman has a considerable crew at his command, a condition of things we are not contemplating. We are assuming a man to be sailing his own boat with the assistance of a "leading hand" who is capable of steering a compass course, and of a boy who is efficient enough to take in a topsail, steer the boat where he is told, and generally execute ordinary orders.

We can offer such a boat something like a hundred miles of coast as cruising ground. She may go from Paestum on the south to Gaeta on the north, and she may visit according to weather the islands of Ponza, Santo Stefano, Ventotene, Ischia, Vivara, Procida, and Capri; besides all the ports in the Bay of Naples, most of which contain objects of interest which will well repay a sojourn of a day or two. The boat should contain such accommodation as will enable her owner to sleep on board her if

necessary, and she should also have sufficient cooking accommodation to provide for him in case of necessity; for it is a lamentable fact that in many of the places we are about to visit, there is scarcely anything to be had upon which even a hungry yachtsman can assuage his appetite. If he is game to tackle the garlic-laden sausage of South Italy he can rise to the occasion. If not, he is likely to find South Italy a starvation country, and to think that sailing in it is an absolutely overrated amusement. But if he can cook ever so little on board, he can always obtain fish and vegetables, and sometimes even fowls and bacon, which a little cooking will make palatable. And it is a noteworthy fact that in South Italy it may be taken as a rule that every man knows something about cooking, though, for some inscrutable reason, it is extremely difficult to find a woman who can cook an eatable dish. Therefore our friend may safely trust himself to his "leading hand," and if he is unable to reach a port where there is a decent hotel, he may rely upon it that he will lie down to sleep in his boat after his day's work with a comfortable sense of repletion. Many of the ports which he will

visit, such as Capri, Ischia, Sorrento, Amalfi, and Gaeta, are furnished with excellent hotels, and on arrival at these he has only to let his anchor go, leave his boat in charge of his man, and live on shore as long as time and opportunity allow. Many of the places we have mentioned are dealt with in detail in the guide-books, which will of course form part of the library of our yachtsman. We propose, accordingly, to treat of the beaten track rather cursorily, and to devote more attention to the less explored regions.

Let us begin at our northernmost point, Gaeta. Caieta is the name given to the place by Virgil who, adopting a poetic license, makes it the place at which Aeneas buries his faithful nurse who is said to have borne that name. At all events, the city, placed upon a defensible headland, has been throughout all history the key-fortress of Southern Italy. It is no longer a place of great strength, for modern artillery would tumble it all down from the sea in the course of a few hours while the crews of the ships were laughing at the antiquated fortifications. But it is an interesting place for all that; for many of us, scarcely middle-aged, can

remember the siege of the fortress in 1860, when Francis II., king of Naples, surrendered the place to General Cialdini who was the Commander of what was then the Sardinian army. The courageous behaviour of the queen in that siege will be in the recollection of all who are interested in the Italian history of that day, and the ludicrous position of the king hidden away in a casemate, where alone he esteemed himself safe, will not yet have been forgotten.[1] A French frigate conveyed him to Civitavecchia where he obtained shelter under the wing of His Holiness, and the kingdom of Naples became an integral part of United Italy.

The old place got well knocked about by the Sardinian artillery, and many traces of their fire may still be seen on the walls of the houses. There is a great natural curiosity at Gaeta, which oddly enough has escaped the vigilance of the guide-books. This is the *Montagna Spaccata*, a rift formed apparently by an earthquake which rent the mountain from the sea to the summit, leaving a cleft scarcely three feet wide at the base. Needless to say that the

[1] This casemate is now the Post Office of the town.

Church has improved the occasion, erected a shrine on the spot, dedicated it to the Crucifixion of Our Saviour, and labelled it with the tradition that the earthquake occurred at the time of the Crucifixion. Pius IX., on the occasion of his visit to Gaeta, gave his sanction to the story by causing some crosses to be cut in the rock that the faithful pilgrim might kiss them as he went by, thereby acquiring certain stated spiritual advantages. A walk through the steep and narrow alleys of old Gaeta will be interesting; and the tower of the Duomo with the quaint carvings in the porch, and the ancient pillar illustrating the history of Our Lord, which stands in front of the chief portal of the cathedral, are very pleasing to the antiquary. When the anchor is weighed a pleasant little sail may be made to Scauro, where there is a fine pre-Roman wall. Hence excursions may be taken to the nice seaside village of Formia, and on the other side to the fertile plain of Garigliano River, which flows into the sea about three miles from Scauro, and has been the scene of many battles, which for the time being have been decisive of the fate of South Italy. Here the ancient peasant costume is still seen to linger,

and to deck the field with bright patches of white and scarlet. The women of Formia have a peculiar fashion of plaiting coloured ribbons into their hair, a fashion peculiar to this particular village. There was a time, not long ago, when every province, and often every separate township, had not only a costume of its own, but a type of jewellery specially worn by its inhabitants. These peculiarities have naturally become effaced by the prevalence of railways all over the cultivated parts of the country. The jewellery, much of which was very handsome, has been sent wholesale to the melting pot, and inartistic machine-made gewgaws have taken its place. The late Signor Castellani, who was the first to reproduce with fidelity the admirable jewellery found in the tombs of Etruria and of Greece, made up his mind that some survival of this ancient and exquisite trade must still exist somewhere in Italy. He accordingly made diligent search among the small townships of his native country, and in an out-of-the-way village he discovered some goldsmiths who were making rough ornaments for the use of the peasants, which in their character indicated a strong

survival of the early Etruscan art of these provinces. With his usual energy and intelligence he conveyed these operatives to Rome, where, with a little instruction and superintendence, he succeeded in causing them to turn out work identical to that found in the ancient tombs.

In leaving either Gaeta or Scauro it is well to make as sure as one can of one's weather, for there is no port to the southward for thirty miles, and the beach all along the coast from Gaeta to Miseno is shallow, and a very heavy surf is frequently found there.

All the islands of the Italian Archipelago are more or less convict stations, but no difficulty is made in the case of a traveller wishing to land on them. They are very interesting to the geologist, and in point of scenery Ponza is especially beautiful. The three islands of Procida, Ischia, and Capri, are those which will be of special interest to the tourist.

Of these Ischia has a perfectly ideal port called "*Porto Nuovo*" which was constructed by the Bourbons for their own use, at the time when the building now used partly as an observatory for earthquakes and scientific

phenomena generally, and partly as a hospital for invalid military officers, who have been ordered to take a course of the curative waters for which Ischia is so famous, was a royal residence. There are beautiful rides and drives all over the island, and if the weather is fine the ascent of Mount Epomeo should certainly be made. The pleasure grounds of Mr. Bourguignon's villa at the town of Ischia, about a quarter of an hour's walk from the Porto Nuovo, are decidedly worth a visit, as there is probably nothing like them elsewhere in Europe. They consist of winding paths most ingeniously constructed in the mazes of an ancient lava stream, whose huge gray boulders meet one on every side. Between them a thicket of trees and a carpet of flowers and evergreens, brambles, and bracken, have managed, in some inscrutable manner, to obtain root-hold, until the whole place has the appearance of one of Gustave Doré's weird engravings. A courteous reception is always given to strangers by the caretaker in the absence of his master.

The islands of Procida and Vivara are small; Vivara, in fact, can be traversed from end to end in an hour's walk. There is no anchorage there,

but there is a breakwater on the neighbouring island of Procida, affording convenient shelter, although, owing to the drainage of the island running into the harbour, it sometimes emits very disagreeable odours in hot weather. There is a little inn at the top of the hill near the castle, where clean and rough accommodation can be had, and there are walks enough in the island to amuse a pedestrian or an artist for a day or two.

Capri is unquestionably the gem of the group. This island is such a favourite that there are almost as many foreigners as natives to be found in it. The former often become confirmed lotus-eaters, and many of them seldom or never leave the island. The anchorage can only be described as a fairly safe one for craft drawing a limited amount of water, as the breakwater is extremely short and the bay entirely open to the North and North-West. There are two townships on the island, one named Anacapri at its western end, near the summit of the lofty Monte Solaro which is nearly 2000 feet above the sea, the other Capri proper in the centre of the island. Three days may profitably be spent in visiting the various picturesque

places with which the island is covered, and a fourth day may well be occupied by sailing round it and admiring its coast scenery, which is absolutely without rival in Italy. At the eastern extremity of it are the Faraglioni rocks, the "Needles of South Italy," standing out with their rugged peaks into the sea. The water is very deep round them, so that they may be safely approached in fine weather. The largest of them is famous for a particular kind of lizard with a blue back not found elsewhere, and it is supposed by naturalists that in the course of ages these lizards have become blue in accordance with that law of nature which causes creatures to assume the colour of their surroundings to enable them to escape from their enemies. Whether this be the cause or not, it is certain that these lizards live in the immediate vicinity of the bluest of blue water, and disport themselves under a sky of unequalled radiance and incomparable azure. There are numerous and excellent hotels scattered all over the island, and very good wine can be procured at very cheap rates. The wine which is sold at Naples as "Capri" does not, in fact, come from the island, but is made of

grapes grown on the mainland and prepared for foreign markets and for the consumption of hotel guests.

Returning to the mainland at Miseno point, we have the harbour, which in old days was the Portsmouth of ancient Rome and sheltered her galleys and triremes at the time when the elder Pliny was Admiral of the fleet. Leaving our craft in a safe anchorage, we may ascend the hill of the promontory and see the whole of the Bay of Naples lying, as in a picture, at our feet; or we may go on to Baia, whence Cumae and its antiquities can easily be reached, and we may refresh ourselves with the delicious oysters which are grown in the lake of Fusaro, far from the busy haunts of men, and where sewage is unknown. Half-an-hour's sail brings us to the port of Pozzuoli, an excellent harbour, where the attractions on shore are as numerous and varied as they are interesting. The semi-extinct volcano Solfatara, with its boiling wells and sulphur-steaming rocks; the colossal amphi-theatre, in some respects a rival to the Colosseum in Rome; the Serapeum, whose huge Cipollino pillars were sunk under the sea for many centuries till they were upheaved

again riddled with the borings of lithodomi; or, if the destruction of human beings appeals to us, we may see the finest artillery in the world in construction at the famous works of Armstrong, Mitchell and Co.

Of the ports at Naples itself Mergellina and Santa Lucia are the most convenient for keeping a yacht, because they are in a habitable part of the town, which the port-merchant is not; and Santa Lucia, which is the better of the two, is also freer from smells than Mergellina.

Portici, seven miles further on, is an incommodious harbour, usually crowded with fishing-boats, and the only object in going there would be to make the ascent of Vesuvius from thence. This can be easily done on foot in about three hours, and, if the weather is warm and it happens to be moonlight, nothing is more delightful than to go up there in the evening, witness the sunrise from the top, enjoy the enchanting panorama of town and country, sea and sky, as well as the natural volcanic phenomena which are seen with especial completeness and a minimum of inconvenience at the mouth of the crater.

In the days of the Bourbon kings Portici

Palace was a royal residence, and the park on both sides of the Palace was once beautifully laid out, and is still (though in decadence) a princely "pleasaunce." The upper part of the Palace has been turned into a school of agriculture and horticulture, where experiments are constantly being tried for the benefit of agriculture, by far the greatest industry in Italy.

Torre del Greco is the health station of this neighbourhood. Being built on a lava stream, the dryness both of its air and soil is notorious, and people afflicted with pulmonary complaints take refuge in the sunshine of Torre from the winter damp caused by the luxuriant vegetation of the neighbouring villages. The place has a sad reputation for earthquakes which have committed grievous depredations from time to time, so much so that there is a saying in Naples that "Naples commits the sins and Torre pays for them." The main industry of the place is the coral fishery, which still employs the greater part of the population. The boats go out in the spring and return in the autumn after their voyage to one or other of the coral banks. The coral is fished with a dredge which goes down to a great depth, and is

GOSSIPS AT SANTA LUCIA

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hauled up by a windlass. The work is extremely hard, and as the finest kinds of coral are pretty well exhausted, and the common kinds do not bring in a remunerative price, coral-fishery has fallen very much into abeyance. Fashion, of course, has a great deal to do with the matter, and if fashion decrees that coral is no longer to be worn, it is of little use to fish it, and less still to work it up when obtained. One great reason of the depression of the coral trade was the discovery of important coral banks off Sciacca in Sicily. These banks gave a very abundant supply of an ugly yellowish-red coral which flooded the market for a time, and, after first spoiling the price of sale of the better class products, ended by driving coral out of fashion. The coral-workers will be noticed grinding and drilling away at every cottage door; and, besides, there are large factories each employing a considerable number of hands. There is a not inconsiderable pony trade at Torre del Greco. The coral boats when they go down to Sardinia and North Africa, fill up with ponies on their return voyage and land them at Torre del Greco, where they are sold generally at three years

of age and go to horse the Neapolitan "carrozzelle." The ponies that come from Africa are barbs, and are called here "cavalli turchi"; these are usually less spirited and slower than the Sardinian ponies, and rather inclined to get fat and become lazy. The Sardinian pony, on the other hand, is as good a working beast as exists anywhere. As a general rule they are not suited to saddle work, as they are narrow in the wither and upright in the shoulder, but the best of them are quite fit for harness use both in appearance and action. Special ships go over in the autumn and bring large quantities of them. They arrive as rough as bears, and it takes an experienced eye to select a good pair from the motley crowd, and probably a purchaser does not do much better for himself, in the long run, by buying them from the importer, than he would by buying them subsequently, when they have been broken in and got into working order by a respectable dealer. The best having been selected, the remainder find their way into the "submerged tenth" of horseflesh, and gravitate generally to cabs and carts. They are extremely hardy, living, as Dumas expresses it, chiefly upon "old straw

hats," but in reality upon a kind of twitch grass which grows on the mountain-side and is brought into Naples daily in bundles, after being carefully washed in the river "Sebeto." The grass is exceedingly nourishing, and the stalks have a taste quite as pungent as horse radish. Upon this food these ponies, who have been accustomed to it all their lives, get into excellent condition, and the amount of work they do and the pace they go at is truly astonishing. Not only do they draw their little carriages up the steepest of streets and over the most slippery pavements with a sureness of foot which is extraordinary, but if they tumble down they are up again in a moment like a goat. Besides their adaptability to town work they are excellent for a long journey, and will trot along a country road or climb a mountain with a gameness which is beyond praise.

A remarkable ecclesiastical festival is held in Torre del Greco in the early part of June. It is called *La festa dei quattro Altari* (The Feast of the Four Altars). Now the expression "four" is a decidedly misleading one when used by a Neapolitan; and means, in fact, "a good many," much in the same way as the Jews used

the expression "forty years" or "forty days" merely to indicate a round number, and not as a specific limit of time; so the Neapolitans speak of eating four "macaroni" which may signify any quantity from a pound to a couple of chilos! so too the four altars of Torre del Greco mean much more like twenty than four. On the day of the Festa the whole street, many miles in length, leading from Naples to Torre del Greco is spanned by arches placed a few yards apart and brilliantly lighted with coloured lamps. The front of the Cathedral, and indeed the whole of the little town, may be said to be draped in coloured light, and at various places in the city large altars are erected, the reredos of them being usually decorated in distemper with huge paintings representing some episode in the life of the Saints, and sometimes a Biblical subject. These altars are often as much as thirty feet high, and though, of course, they are tawdry, they have an element of the picturesque which blends happily with the merry scene. For Torre del Greco is really enjoying itself to-day. Naples is sending in its thousands of sightseers, and all the adjoining townships are contributing their quota

to the joyful throng. At a fixed hour the Syndic and the Municipal Council, headed by a brass band, go round to visit and unveil the various altars. Petards are let off in every direction, and noise so dear to the Neapolitan heart is freely indulged in. The streets have all the appearance of a country fair; penny shows and whirligigs are seen in all directions, and it does not take many minutes to fill a basket with all kinds of rubbishy toys to be taken back to town for the delectation of the children. The unique feature of the Torre del Greco fête is to be seen in the churches. If it were only to see the flower pictures exhibited in these, our journey to Torre del Greco would not be wasted. All the chairs are cleared out from every church of importance, and a scaffolding erected which occupies a third of the church and has steps leading up to it from its main entrance. On reaching the gallery on the top of the scaffolding, the visitor looks down upon the pavement of the church, which is covered to the depth of several inches with the leaves of various shrubs and flowers arranged to form the most beautiful pictures. Thus in one church we find St. Peter walking on the

water, the figures being much larger than life size ; in another the raising of Lazarus or some other well-known scene of the Gospel story ; and before we have been the round of the churches of the town we shall have seen a dozen other such pictures, so exquisitely composed that nothing short of a very close scrutiny will induce us to believe that they are constructed as they are, and not painted on canvas. The leaves are collected throughout the year for the purpose ; the browns and reds being composed of withered beech leaves and virginia creepers, the dark greens of box leaves, and the brighter colours from the innumerable flowers which drape South Italy in brilliancy in the early days of June. It seems strange that a method of decoration so beautiful should be confined to a single town, and that the enormous trouble and artistic energy employed should produce a result which lasts only for a single day ; for the festival concludes with a procession to the various churches, when these beautiful pictures are trampled upon and destroyed. It is now midnight, and the cry is "Still they come." The streets are thronged, and outside every

restaurant crowds are sitting eating their suppers of fish and macaroni at little tables in the open air; and yet we pass amongst all these people with no crowding or jostling, and though we have been walking about for more than a couple of hours, we have never seen a single drunken man.

The main object of anchoring at Torre dell' Annunziata (which is an excellent harbour) is to visit Pompeii, which can be reached by carriage in about twenty minutes, or by train in half that time. The station is close to the harbour. There is a buoy off the pier-head to which a craft may conveniently swing if it is intended to put to sea again after seeing the ruins. The principal industry of the town is macaroni-making, which may be seen here in great perfection on application at any of the mills. Until recently it was supposed that macaroni (like wine) could only be made by manual labour. The skill of modern engineers has shown this notion to be fallacious, and macaroni is now almost universally made by machinery, and is not at all inferior to that made by the old-fashioned plan. We have, of

course, a loss of the picturesque, but we are learning to bear this loss with the serenity acquired by habit.

Castellamare has a large and secure port, a Government arsenal, and a delightful bay for boat-sailing. The anchorage outside is large and safe, as many as twenty large men-of-war having anchored there recently. The main pleasure of a stay at Castellamare will be enjoyed by one who loves mountain scenery. The beautiful pleasure grounds surrounding the former Royal Palace of Quisisana (now a hotel) afford many miles of shady walks and drives on good roads and at easy gradients. To the more ambitious mountaineer the climb of Monte St. Angelo, the highest mountain of this range, rising to a height of nearly 5000 feet, is available. It is a good plan to send the boat on to Sorrento and to walk right across the mountain, descending on the other side to the little town of Vico Equense. The boat can lie safely at Sorrento while her owner enjoys himself on the beautiful hills around; or, if he is a golfer, he can go up to Sant' Agata, and indulge there in his favourite pastime.

Our yachtsman will now find that he has visited every place of interest in the Bay of Naples; and he will be unfortunate indeed if he has not had an enjoyable time, and does not find himself bronzed and weather-beaten. He must now choose his day and sail round Campanella Point to Amalfi. He will pass through the narrow channel between Capri and the mainland, and leaving the Faraglioni astern of him he will skirt the Siren Rocks, and passing along one of the most beautiful coast-lines in the world he will sail down to Amalfi, a city, by the bye, which by a curious omission is not marked in the charts. Here his guide book will take him over the antiquities of Amalfi and Ravello, and his legs, if he is a good pedestrian, will carry him to Agerola and many other points where he can indulge in the most beautiful scenery in Italy. The water off Amalfi is extremely deep, and the anchorage consequently not to be recommended, but there is a small breakwater under the cliffs where a light-draught boat can be moored in tolerable security in fine weather. There are only two other ports in the Bay of Salerno which are suitable for a visit; namely, Vietri (which is

a fairly sheltered anchorage) and Salerno, the latter having the only good harbour in the bay, and either of them being convenient for visiting the woody hills of Cava dei Tirreni and the interesting monastery of "Trinità di Cava." If it is the season for wild pigeons, permission should be obtained from the Secretary of one of the Clubs to be present in one of the towers, of which so many are seen on the hills, at the time of a catch. A vacant space is cleared round the tower, and upon this a clap-net is set. On the approach of the birds a large white stone is flung from a sling at the top of the tower to the ground beneath in the vicinity of the net; this attracts the passing birds, which swoop down in large numbers. The net is then closed over them.

The main attraction of the Bay of Salerno is the group of temples which may be seen at Paestum. A sail of about twenty miles takes us thither from Salerno; but it must be borne in mind that the beach at Paestum is terribly exposed, and that often it is impossible to land on it in the yacht's dinghy. There are three groups of temples in the world: those of the Acropolis at Athens, which being built of

HAULING THE SEINE

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marble and set up upon a commanding eminence bear away the palm for the majesty of their position, their great historical interest, and the artistic halo which glows round the great name of Phidias; those of Girgenti, which, ruined as they are, impress us with their colossal magnificence; and lastly, the temples of Paestum.

The very desolation and solitude of their site give them an additional interest. They stand alone in the golden glory of their weather-beaten travertine, as deserted as the gods whom they once represented; an impressive monument of ancient art at the time of its highest development, a noble relic of ancient grandeur and the sumptuousness of Pagan worship. There is not much else left at Paestum, but there is enough to make a walk round the walls of the ancient town an interesting excursion. Care should be taken not to fall asleep even in the daytime, as the country (especially in warm weather) is very malarious. It is advisable not even to sleep on board the boat when she is anchored off the temples; consequently it is better, if one has come by sea, to send the craft back to Salerno, and crawl thither oneself by one of the afternoon trains.

CHAPTER VI

MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS

ALTHOUGH Naples is the largest town in Italy, the province in which it is situated is the smallest in the kingdom, just as London is situated in one of the least of our counties. We have already visited every point of its seaboard, and have minutely described many of its more important points. We are going to treat of Astroni among the royal hunting-places a little further on; Vesuvius and Pompeii have already claimed their share of our attention; and if we except the beautiful walks on the Camaldoli Hills, and the drives in the environs of Capo di Monte, we may be said fairly to have exhausted already the chief attractions of the little province. But we may go further afield and find much pleasure in a visit to the neighbouring provinces of Caserta, Benevento, and

Avellino, all of which contain objects of the highest interest and scenery of incomparable beauty. A very few minutes, even in an Italian train, place us within the boundaries of the province of Caserta, of which we have already visited Gaeta, the northernmost city, and all its seaboard in our little boat. The first important town we come to on our route from Naples is Aversa, which is particularly celebrated for a light wine called Asprinio, which is said to be made from vines originally imported into the Neapolitan provinces by Murat from Champagne, in the hope of establishing that exhilarating beverage in his new kingdom.

Large quantities of hemp are grown in the plains of Caserta. In the month of August this crop gives a very rich and verdant appearance to the country, as it grows to the height of some eight feet, is of a beautiful green, and reaches to the branches of the olives and other trees under which it flourishes. It is harvested in the month of September, when the leaves are all peeled off the stalks and heaped into large stacks. The stalks are then soaked in ponds, and produce a good deal of malaria in the province in the autumn.

A curious story relating to the insalubrity of hemp (and a forgotten page of British military annals) is told by a writer whose letter bears date April 1802.[1]

I have been told a curious circumstance which occurred when recently a detachment of our troops, in conjunction with the Neapolitans, besieged the French in this castle (St. Elmo, Naples). The British had no sooner built their huts at a convenient distance from the fortress, than many of the men were seized with violent vomitings, others with headache and languor, which rendered them unfit for duty. At first it was thought that the French had poisoned the wells; but when it was found that other corps who had used the same water were in perfect health, it was feared that the plague, or some other epidemic disease, had infected the camp; the more so, as medicine, although administered immediately, produced no abatement in the symptoms, until one of the surgeons discovered the true cause of the evil. The encampment being in the vicinity of a hemp-field, many of the men had formed their huts with the stalks and leaves of that plant, the effluvia of which had exerted their intoxicating and stuporific effects to the alarming degree above described. As soon, therefore, as the cause was removed, the evil ceased, without any further serious consequences.

The wine-cellars of Aversa have a considerable celebrity owing to their size, and to the fact that they are cut out of the solid tufa rock, but there is not much of interest in the town

[1] *Naples and the Campagna Felice*, Ackermann, London, 1815.

except a celebrated miraculous picture of the Madonna said to have been painted by St. Luke, which as a compromise is kept for four months of the year at Aversa, and for the remaining eight months at the neighbouring village of Casaluce. There were such serious riots some years ago as to the possession of this picture that an arrangement between the towns became necessary, and the picture is transferred from the one to the other with great pomp and circumstance twice annually.

Since we have compared the province of Naples to the county of Middlesex, we are quite justified in comparing that of Caserta to the county of York, these being the largest subdivisions of their respective countries. For the province of Caserta extends from the frontier of the old Papal States, and nearly half across the peninsula to the east, while to the south it reaches as far as the province of Salerno, touching on its south-eastern frontier the provinces of Benevento and Avellino. Its capital city, Caserta, was a favourite residence of the Bourbon kings, and Charles the Third, who was the greatest of that dynasty, and subsequently succeeded to the Spanish throne

under the title of Charles V., built a sumptuous palace there, which still stands a costly monument of royal pomp, and of magnificent inutility. A portion of the outbuildings has been utilised for military purposes, for Caserta is a warlike province, and has large garrisons both in the capital city and at Gaeta, Capua, and Aversa.

A visit to an uninhabited royal palace which shines feebly with the departed lustre of a dynasty long passed away, is to our mind a tedious way of passing one's time, and the palace of Caserta is no exception to this rule; but to any one interested in South Italy and her productions, the chapel of the palace and its handsome main staircase present a glory of coloured marbles which tempts one to inquire from whence they came. They are usually spoken of as "Sicilian," but in the parlance of marble-dealers "Sicilian" is a technical word of very wide significance. For, first of all, there is an inferior white marble with greyish veins found at Carrara in North Italy, which is called "Sicilian" in the trade for the curious reason that when Napoleon I. had possession of the quarries he forbade the export of marble

to England, thus depriving the owners of their most lucrative market. In order to evade this law, the shippers sent their produce to Sicily, whence it was re-shipped to England under the misleading name of "Sicilian." Again, all the marble found and quarried in South Italy obtained the name of Sicilian from the fact that it came from the kingdom which was then called "The Two Sicilies," and not because it came from the island of that name. Hence on inquiry we found that the marble in the Royal Chapel came from the neighbouring province of Benevento, and principally from the quarries of Vitulano. That so little of this marble should be quarried in these days seems to us very extraordinary, but it is accounted for by the fact that the absence of roads makes the transport so difficult that it is next to impossible to convey any block larger than can be carried on a mule, without incurring an extravagant expense. This is particularly true with regard to the beautiful yellow marble found at Pietraroia, a marble which in appearance is very little inferior to the *giallo antico* which in Roman times was so largely used for domestic ornamentation.

The gardens of Caserta palace have been compared to those of Versailles, and are somewhat similar to them in character with their clipped hedges and formal avenues. At the extreme end of them, and at some two miles from the palace, is an artificial waterfall and cascade which rushes from the top of a hill into a series of basins and thence by a conduit to Naples, of which some years ago it formed the principal source of water-supply. The main avenue of the grounds is peopled with an enormous number of second-rate statues, of which the most celebrated group is that of Diana and Actaeon which decorates the large basin at the foot of the cascade. This basin is so constructed that the water can be drawn off from it at any time, and it is used as a preserve for trout, which are caught and sent up to the royal dinner table at Rome weekly in Lent, to smooth over the austerity which the court (as in duty bound) exercises at that season. When we look at these beautiful fish swimming in goodly numbers in the foaming water at the foot of the waterfall, we cannot but reflect that to the ordinary mortal it would be no great hardship to make his dinner off one of them,

especially if it were dished up by the *chef* of the Quirinal. The keeper informed us that the fish frequently leap the waterfall, swimming up it and sometimes hesitating half-way, and being compelled by the force of the water to return. Those that reach the top cannot find water enough among the rocks of the cascade, and consequently have to return, and almost always perish in the attempt. Fish weighing as much as fourteen pounds have, we are informed, been taken out of this water.

Close to the basin is the entrance to the so-called English garden, which contains a very choice selection of trees and shrubs, and goes far to prove, if proof were necessary, that almost all the trees we grow in England will flourish here under proper conditions of cultivation. It is from this garden that flowers and plants are sent to Rome for His Majesty's use; and as he obtains his pheasants from Capo di Monte, his wild boars from Astroni, and his sea-fish from Gaeta, it may be truly said that he is dependent upon his Neapolitan provinces for most of the luxuries of his table.

Ferdinand IV. was an enthusiastic sportsman. He reserved a portion of the sea at Naples for

his own fishing, and built himself a fishing-lodge at Mergellina, which is now known by the name of Palazzo Torlonia. It is said of him that one of his great amusements was to sell his own fish at the water-side of Mergellina, and to banter, chaff, and bargain with his beloved "lazzaroni." He had three principal shooting-boxes in the neighbourhood of Caserta, namely, Monte Caro, Carditello and Astroni.[1] These were chiefly stocked with deer and wild boar. Astroni is an ancient crater a mile or more across, and of very considerable depth; indeed, the lake at the bottom of it is said to be below the sea-level. It lies between Naples and Pozzuoli, and is surrounded by a high wall which is said to be twelve miles long. Within this wall the crater is densely planted with trees and brushwood, and large numbers of wild boar, or, perhaps we should rather say tame boar, are reared within it. They are fed on Indian corn at a fixed time in the day, when the young pigs come down and enjoy a meal, but it is seldom that the

[1] The other royal shooting-boxes of Monte Longano, Cerquacupa, and Monte Grande, also near Caserta, are no longer kept up.

full-grown boars are seen, as they provide themselves with nourishment from the acorns and roots in the forest. The keepers inform us that there are a number of old "rogues" which are never seen except on the rare occasion of a boar-hunt, and we presume that such boars as are slaughtered for table use are selected by the keepers from among the younger stock. The method of shooting Astroni is to place the guns and then harry the boar round and round the covert. Victor Emmanuel, who was a great sportsman, shot both Astroni and Carditello, killing at one stand in Astroni no less than ninety wild boar. We should imagine it to be a tame kind of sport, and we believe that the present king does not indulge in it.[1] The pheasants of Capodimonte are the tamest of the tame, and are usually, we believe, shot or trapped by the keepers only for the royal table.

[1] The anonymous writer of a series of letters addressed to a friend in England in 1802, entitled *Naples and the Campania Felice* (London: Ackermann, 101 Strand, 1815), speaks thus of Astroni: "This mountain, unlike the Solfatara, is completely burnt out. Its open crater, a circular plain perhaps three or four miles in circumference, is covered with a beautiful wood with large and small trees, and contains two or three lakes, or rather ponds, surrounded on all sides by a continued ridge. You can scarcely imagine a more romantic spot. I have only surveyed it from the heights above; for, as it is a royal chase, well stocked with deer and other game, the place is enclosed and locked by a gate."

The lake of Licola forms a grand preserve for wild duck, and the Prince of Naples had many excellent days' sport on its waters when he was in command of his regiment in Naples.

Taking Caserta as a centre, for here we can obtain good accommodation, we may make some charming excursions. An interesting day may be spent at Capua, proceeding thither either by road or rail. The drive is preferable, because we thus pass through Santa Maria di Capua Vetere, which was the site of the Roman city. Here is the fine amphitheatre, and if the traveller is interested in ancient Byzantine paintings, the church of Sant' Angelo in Formis is only five miles off. If an early start is made both can be visited, and there will still be time to drive on to Capua and see the Museum and Cathedral, returning to Caserta by rail or carriage as may be desired. To our mind the best course is to take a carriage for several days, and to begin by the excursion to Capua, taking the trip to Suessola on the following day. We have written on both these places in a former chapter.

A most delightful excursion can be made from Caserta to the picturesque little village of

Sant' Agata dei Goti. This is not accessible by railway. The road from Caserta passes through Maddaloni, and following the direct road to Benevento goes under the prodigious aqueduct built by the Bourbons to convey the "Carmignano" water to form the cascade of Caserta. Some three miles farther on, the road to Sant' Agata branches off to the right. The place is worth a visit for the beauty of its site, and its interesting church. It forms, moreover, the entrance to the celebrated "Caudine Forks," through which we can drive if we keep on in our present direction, and take the mountain road to Cancello. If our traveller starts with this intention, and takes his carriage from Caserta, he must make it quite clear when he makes his bargain that this and no other is the route he intends to return by, otherwise the driver will take him to Cancello by the easier road which skirts the mountains, and his object will be defeated.

It was at the "Furculae Caudinae," in 321 B.C., that the Roman army were defeated by the Samnites and made to pass under the yoke. It was one of the most crushing defeats

ever suffered by the Roman Legions, and is mentioned both by Livy and Cicero. But it is a little difficult to establish the exact spot. That it was in the one of the passes in these mountains is certain, for Montesarchio, a town on the coach road between Naples and Benevento, is situated on the site of the ancient city of Caudium. There are two solutions usually given, namely, one, the pass between Sant' Agata dei Goti and Ariano; and the other, the pass between Arpaia and Arienzio. The argument in favour of the latter is that the Roman names are still extant in the locality. The valley is called "Valle Cauda"; the mountain which dominates Arpaia is the "Monte Costa Cauda"; and the village in the valley still bears the name of "Forchia." Both passes can scarcely be visited in a single day, even from Caserta, but either of them passes through country where a delightful day's excursion may be enjoyed. Luncheon should be taken in the carriage, as nothing but wine is to be had on the way, and it will be necessary to halt on the road for an hour or so to rest the horses.

A great many interesting antiquities have

been found in the neighbourhood of Sant' Agata. Most of these are to be seen in the Naples Museum, and in the hall of that building are some very handsome marble pillars in *verde antico*, which must have belonged to a very sumptuous building of ancient times. The spring which feeds the aqueduct for the water-supply of Caserta rises in a hill just beyond Sant' Agata.

Returning to Caserta for the night, we shall proceed to shift our place of residence next day in order that we may visit the "Matese" group of mountains, of which "Monte Mileto" is the highest peak. We can go as far as Telese by rail if we please, but as we shall require a carriage throughout our stay in the mountains, it is as well to go by road, taking a good carriage from Caserta, rather than relying on picking up an inferior one at Telese. Or, if time is an object, we can send our carriage on overnight to await us at Telese, which will be an economy of horse-flesh. The baths of Telese are situated at the base of Monte Pugliano, amongst picturesque hills and beautifully-wooded valleys. Here, *in the season*, we find an excellent hotel, with first-class accommodation for

men and horses, and situated at a point which makes it a most convenient centre for visiting the mountains and valleys around. The *raison d'être* of this hotel is the bathing establishment, which is situated at a few minutes' drive from it. It is beautifully laid out, with a large shady garden, to which convenient reception rooms and an excellent restaurant are attached. Here in the summer hundreds of people resort to the baths, and to drink the waters, a special express being despatched daily from Naples. The baths consist of large tanks about three feet deep, round which a number of dressing-rooms are built; the principal tank covers 3500 square metres, and is arranged so that the patient can bathe in public or private according to his fancy. The water is so cold that most people are glad to get out into the sun, instead of bathing within the screens of their dressing-room. From every point of the tank strong emanations of carbonic acid gas bubble up through the soil below, and these cause such a reaction against the coldness of the water that the body is soon in the condition of a healthy glow. To accommodate those who require warmer water, there are numerous bath-rooms

in which it is heated by steam, and it may be had at any temperature the bather pleases. There is a strong flow of water through all the tanks, fresh from the springs beneath them, so that the water is not stagnant, but in reality a swiftly running stream, perfectly bright and beautifully clear. Having enjoyed our bathe and strolled round the pretty grounds, we must hurry back to the hotel, if indeed we can resist the attractions of the restaurant, because the waters are of such a tonic and bracing nature that an insuperable appetite has come upon us after our immersion.

The country around Telese abounds in beautiful drives and walks, and if we have brought our bicycles with us we shall find excellent roads, not too hilly, running around us in every direction. The first excursion we shall make is to Piedimonte d' Alife, a village situated at the base of Monte Mileto. It is a thriving industrious place, owing to the presence there of a large cotton mill, which gives employment to the whole population, and confers an enormous benefit on the country-side, by creating an important market for produce.

From hence we look across the vast plain of the Terra di Lavoro, and discern Vesuvius and Ischia, the latter of which must be fully sixty miles off. The village is situated in the hollow of a mountain ravine, and only a few yards from the back of it we come to the source of the river, upon which all its industry and all its prosperity depend. It is a strange sight. The walls of the ravine rise high and ruggedly for many hundred feet above our heads, and the ravine at this point is scarcely more than fifteen yards across. In front of us, from what appears to be a very low cave, a powerful stream of water comes rushing and bubbling as it were out of the very heart of the mountain. It dashes on through the ravine, where it is utilised to turn the wheel which is to work the machinery and earn the wages of the five hundred hands whom Messrs. Berner and Co. employ at their mill. The same wheel of course provides the village with as much electric light as it requires. His Majesty the King of Italy is also primarily indebted to Piedimonte d' Alife for that part of his Lenten dinner which we have already mentioned as coming from Caserta, because the basin of Diana and Actaeon in the palace grounds

is provided with trout from the stream of Piedimonte.

It is from this point that the Monte Mileto can most easily be ascended; and it is an interesting and beautiful climb, but it involves a certain amount of roughing it, although this is no hardship in the climate of South Italy. The ascent from Piedimonte d' Alife takes about six hours. The best course for any one desiring to do feats of climbing in the higher Apennines is to apply to the Naples Alpine Club, from whom all information as to guides, huts to sleep in, and so on, is readily obtainable. The peasants on the lower slopes of the mountain, and the shepherds higher up, are most hospitably disposed to the climber, but of course they have very little to give, and that little is not of a kind to be tempting. The beds in their huts are usually composed of dried leaves, which are comfortable enough to sleep on if the hut is tolerably clean. Mules may be used a good way up the Monte Mileto, and though a real mountaineer despises such assistance for himself, a sumpter beast is useful for carrying provisions and a change of clothes, with which it is always wise to be provided in

this climate. There is a fine lake about two-thirds of the way up the mountain, which is said to contain excellent trout, and to feed the spring we have described as issuing at Piedimonte. As we desire to lose nothing of the beautiful scenery we must start early in the afternoon from Piedimonte, for our homeward drive to Telese will occupy three hours and a half, and every bit of it is through a country as fine as Switzerland in its mountainous aspect, and much more productive from the agricultural point of view.

Our next excursion shall be taken by railway, for even a Neapolitan horse deserves a day off now and then, though he does not get it as often as he ought. The railway line runs along the banks of the river Calore, a mountain torrent flowing at times through very picturesque ravines. Benevento is situated on two such streams, the "Calore" and the "Sabato," each of which names has provided the inhabitants with a harmless little jokelet, the meaning of "Calore" being "heat," and of "Sabato" being "Saturday." The sayings are: *A Benevento c' è più "calore" d' inverno*

che d' està (At Benevento there is more "heat" in winter than in summer); and again, *A Benevento si mangia il Venerdi il pesce di Sabato* (At Benevento we eat on Friday the fish of "Saturday").

The main objects of interest in the town are the Arch of Trajan, generally called the Porta Aurea, dating from A.D. 114, the Cathedral, and the Mediaeval Castle. The Porta Aurea is one of the finest Roman remains in Italy, and it is surprising that so few strangers go to see it. An enterprising American Museum has had a plaster cast made of the whole of it, with the view, we believe, of setting up a reproduction of it somewhere in the United States. The arch commemorates the triumphs of Trajan over the Dacians, as did his greatest work of all, the column which he erected in the centre of the "Forum Trajanum" at Rome. The arch is a splendid work of art, covered with groups of colossal figures in high relief, and much beautiful architectural ornament.

The Cathedral is a building possessing a great charm of its own. The façade is of the twelfth century, and the bronze doors, cast in Constantinople (as so many of the bronze doors

of South Italian Churches were at that period), are decorated in the upper part with scenes from the New Testament history, and in the lower panels with the portraits of sundry bishops who have been canonised. The ambones within the Cathedral are quite magnificent, and the carving of the capitals is especially worthy of study.

The Mediaeval Castle contains a few antiquities, and some cells in which political prisoners used to be confined, which have a grim interest. There are many other nooks in this old town, which will furnish nice pictures for the owner of a "Kodak," but these, with the help of his guide-book and his own perception, he can easily find for himself.

Benevento was a strong fortress in the middle ages, and a very good idea of the power of its position may be obtained by visiting the handsome public garden, which commands a fine view of the battlefield where Manfred lost his life and his kingdom in the thirteenth century, to which allusion is made by Dante in his *Purgatorio*, iii. 103. The poet describes the shade of Manfred as meeting him during his visit to Purgatory and claiming an acquaint-

ance with him, which the poet is unable to acknowledge. He describes him as fair and handsome, and of noble aspect, one eyebrow being cut through, and the breast showing a wound. Having introduced himself as Manfred, he begs him to be the bearer of a message to the Empress Constance that he had obtained Divine pardon, and that had Pope Clement and the Bishop of Cosenza been aware of this, the bones of his body would still have lain in their grave near the bridge of Benevento, under the guardianship of the vast heap of stones, instead of lying unburied on the banks of the Rio Verde.

The name of Manfred is so familiar to students of South Italian history that it is scarcely worth while to say more than a few words about him. Manfred was the great-grandson of Frederick Barbarossa, and the son of Frederick II. of Hohenstauffen. He was proclaimed king by the Sicilians in order to fight against Pope Clement IV., who desired to add the territories of the Hohenstauffen to the lands of the Holy See. Manfred was a popular man and had a large following; but owing to the treachery of the Duke

of Caserta he found himself and his army besieged in Benevento by Charles I. of Anjou, whom the Pope had called from France to his assistance. The attack upon the French troops was led by Manfred himself, who added to the romantic interest of his chivalrous career by fighting the memorable battle on the banks of the Calore. When he was on the point of victory he was treacherously deserted by his allies, and made up his mind to meet death upon the battle-field. He soon lay a prostrate corpse in the thickest of the fight. His body was treated with great indignity, being brought to Charles across the back of a donkey, but Charles caused it to be buried, and made his soldiers each cast a stone on the grave until it became the *grave mora* or "heavy stone heap" described by Dante. Making a pretence of his excommunication, the Bishop of Cosenza by order of the Pope exhumed it and cast it unburied on the banks of the Rio Verde. Manfred had been the champion of the Ghibelline party, and was a contemporary of the poet's, but no doubt it was his politics that especially appealed to Dante and caused him to make such a flattering mention of him in his poem.

His name is still kept alive in South Italy by many traditions, and especially by the province of Manfredonia, which after so many centuries still bears his name.

Of agricultural products the most important produced by Benevento is probably tobacco, which is grown in the neighbourhood in very considerable quantities. Being a Government monopoly it is placed under the most stringent restrictions by the officers of the Inland Revenue. An inspector goes round the field while it is growing, and counts not only every plant but every leaf, and these have all to be accounted for when the harvest comes round. Nor are the growers allowed to sell their produce to any but the Government officials. Any person buying tobacco other than from a Government store is liable to severe penalties, and no one may sell it unless he has a license to do so. This is much to be regretted from the smoker's point of view, because if the leaves were selected, the stalks drawn out, and the rest of the leaf carefully made up, the home-grown Italian tobacco might be made to be eminently smokable. As matters now stand,

the leaf is made up by the Government without any proper care of selection for manufacture, and the public having only "Hobson's choice" continue philosophically to smoke what is provided for them. We are glad to be able to state that the Government have decided to set up a school of tobacco-culture at Nocera dei Pagani, to import the best plants, and to pay close attention to the cultivation and preparation of their monopoly.

Far the most interesting things, commercially speaking, about Benevento are the marble quarries of Monte Vitulano, which provided many of the beautiful marbles which we noticed in our visit to the Royal palace of Caserta. There seems to be no reason in the world except the want of a little capital and enterprise why these marbles should not become as marketable a commodity as those of Carrara, for they are much more beautiful, and, generally speaking, of much harder and finer texture. Labour is abundant and cheap, in spite of the wholesale emigration which takes place from these provinces, the railway is at hand, the port of Naples is not out of reach; and we feel sure that if Benevento would wake up to the importance of the

treasure which is buried in the hills of her immediate vicinity, she might become the rival of Carrara, the "marbleopolis" of the world. It is true, certainly, that Carrara has been developed mainly by foreign energy, and capital drawn from England and the United States; but is there any reason why Benevento should not attract foreign capital, if the province and its capital city show that they are really in earnest, make good roads and branch railway lines, establish in short steam communication with the highest quarries, as is the case at Carrara, and generally make things easy for the capitalist?

We will assume that we have returned to Telese by rail, for under ordinary circumstances a day is sufficient to visit the sights of Benevento, although a study of Almerico Meomartini's work[1] makes us feel that we have given but scant attention to the beauties and antiquities in the place.

If we have another day to spend at Telese, the drive to Cerreto is an interesting one, and

[1] "I monumenti e le opere d' arte della città di Benevento." Almerico Meomartini. Benevento, 1889.

may be pursued through the ravines running northwards, beyond the town, where the scenery is as rugged and grand as the most fastidious can desire.

The pedestrian will start from Cerreto to make an excursion to the marble quarries of Pietraroia, and he will learn by experience the reason why that beautiful marble does not become a marketable commodity. A very small amount of capital levied on the security of the province, or even on the Communes of Cerreto and Pietraroia, would suffice to make a road down which ox-waggons or rather trollies laden with marble might convey it to the railway station of Telese. Cerreto itself is a country town of some pretensions; it has nearly 6000 inhabitants, many of whom are engaged in the marble trade such as it is, and a very few miles of road might quintuple the output, and make Cerreto from a country township into a thriving municipality. Pietraroia itself is a village of 2000 inhabitants, which, though it could not supply any considerable amount of money by way of taxation towards any scheme of the kind, is at all events a centre from which labour could be

obtained, and a food-supply for the workmen as well; for it is a pastoral country, and owing to its being well wooded is not badly off as Italian country villages go. The quantity of shells and fish in a fossil condition found in the rocks shows that at some time or other in the history of the planet these mountains were beneath the sea-level; and the peak of the Monte Palombaro, which rises to a height of 4000 feet above the sea, joins itself with the Monte Mutria, which is nearly 6000 feet high, and the highest peak of the group. These mountains, together with a smaller one called Pesco-Roseto, almost form an island in the centre of the plain. This is a characteristic of the mountains of this district, which the reader will have observed we have spoken of throughout as "groups" and not as a "chain." For we have the Matese group, with Monte Mileto for its central peak; the Pietraroia group, with Monte Mutria as its loftiest peak; the Benevento group, with Monte Vitulano as its most important eminence, commercially at any rate, if not geographically, for it is not the highest peak of the group; and the Avellino group in the province adjoining that of Benevento, upon

which stands pre-eminent "Monte Vergine," which we have alluded to in a former chapter.

The Pietraroia group, with which we are specially dealing at the present moment, contains the most beautifully coloured marbles, as well as a good deal of calcareous stone, such as is used by lithographers. It is quite clear that the marbles of Pietraroia have been known for many centuries. This is seen by the altars in the parish church, which were transported from the old town of Pietraroia, which originally stood on the top of the hill and was surrounded by walls, but was destroyed by the earthquake of 1687, when it was rebuilt on the north side of the mountain the best part of a mile lower down. In the time of Charles III. many of these marbles were quarried for the construction of the palace of Caserta, and the panels of the magnificent staircase were entirely derived from thence. To bring the matter home more clearly to the tourist, the freak of nature by which the marble on the staircase represents roughly the portrait of Napoleon I., which is shown by the royal lackeys to every visitor, occurs in marble raised from these quarries. Charles III., who was

one of the best and most advanced of the Bourbon dynasty, was extremely jealous of these marbles; took possession of the quarries and put guards over them to prevent the public from obtaining their products, solely on the ground that having got them for the decoration of his new palace, he did not intend that they should be used elsewhere.

In 1885 the citizens of Pietraroia succeeded in convincing the Government that they had a distinct right to be connected with the rest of the world by a road over which a carriage could travel. They had been agitating for this ever since 1852, and the result of the eventual opening of the road has been a considerable access of wealth to this mountain village. The extremely interesting geological Museum of the Naples University contains numerous specimens of the Pietraroia marbles, and the report of Signor Francesco Bassani, head of the geological section of the University, leaves no doubt that if a road were constructed from Pietraroia to the quarries an important industry might be opened up in this province, which, if it did nothing else, would check the emigration which is rapidly depopulating it.

Another pleasant drive from Telese is to the little village of Guardia di Sanframondi, driving on through the village until the view of the plain of Benevento is seen from the lofty road. It is useless to attempt to use a bicycle here, as the ascent to Guardia di Sanframondi is very long and exceedingly steep. Lord Macaulay graphically describes Volterra as an "eagle's nest perched on the crest of purple Apennine." But how can we describe this little village? It is a regular architectural problem, to be decided only by an expert, how those houses managed to climb up, the one above the other, on that steep hill-side, till they look like dry-goods boxes heaped one above another in a bonded warehouse. The only point of real interest in the village is the castle, which is now a dwelling-house. We knock at the door and are received by a genial and courtly old gentleman, who with true Italian politeness and extreme suavity of manner makes us welcome in his very original home. Nor is he altogether deficient in humour, for he has given the little black dog who is playing about round him, and welcoming us almost as cordially as his master does, the name of "Frack," an Italian

term signifying an evening-dress suit, because the only white about the dog is on his breast and neck, and forms a fair representation of a gentleman's shirt front. The old gentleman is extremely proud of his feudal castle, which he bought, he tells us, for a very reasonable price; he has turned the ramparts into pretty flower gardens, the plants of which he tends most carefully himself. A few small rooms supply his modest requirements in the way of lodging, and the lovely view over the valley beneath gives him all he needs in the way of the picturesque. He invites us to mount the "keep" of the castle, and we follow him up a break-neck stair, which probably has never been repaired since it was first put up in the eleventh century. The old gentleman climbs up nimbly enough, and is as proud, or perhaps prouder, of the upper terrace than he was of the lower one. For he had real excavating to do here, the whole place being lumbered up with the rubbish of ages. His patience and labour were rewarded, for he discovered what he believes to have been a torture chamber of the castle, containing a set of very heavy manacles. He also discovered an old cannon about two feet long, which he

greatly values as an ancient relic. He is very well up in the history of his house. He asserts that Sanframondi originally came and established himself at Cerreto, a few miles distant, but that being dissatisfied with the possibilities of fortifying it according to his ideas, he looked out for another and a better site. The result of his exploration was the selection of the rock upon which the castle now stands, and his selection was undoubtedly a wise one, for a place more impregnable in ancient times it will be very difficult to find, and besides, from its commanding eminence no enemy in any force, scarcely even a band of twenty mounted knights, could approach by either valley without being seen from the ramparts of the castle.

We do not pretend to have by any means exhausted the excursions which can be made from the points we have selected as our centres, but we do claim to have given our readers an introduction to a beautiful country, almost untrodden by the tourist, and capable by the light we have thrown upon it of being explored by him to any extent he may please. It is quite out of the beaten track; the inhabitants are civil and quite unsophisticated, and though

it is in fact so near to Naples, its beauties are practically unknown to the great majority of the British residents in the city, and not appreciated as they ought to be by the many thousands of its visitors.

CHAPTER VII

SCENERY AND MYSTERY

Avellino, the capital city of the province of that name, forms an excellent centre for visiting much that is interesting to the antiquarian, the mountaineer and the tourist. Like all the mountains in South Italy, those which form the Avellino group abound in highly picturesque excursions, and of these that to Monte Vergine will claim the first place. We have already mentioned this as a famous shrine which draws many thousand pilgrims every Whitsuntide. There is a carriage road now as far as Mercogliano, but from thence the ascent must be made either on foot or on a mule, for the monastery is built in a gorge high up on the mountain. It is said to have been founded in the early days of the twelfth century on the ruins of a temple dedicated to Rhea, the ancient Greek

goddess of Earth. The church contains the tomb of Catherine de Valois and of her son, who was the second husband of the infamous Joanna I. It was Catherine who presented the church, with the miraculous picture of the Virgin, which has been held in the highest estimation in Southern Italy for the last six centuries. In this church Manfred had erected a chapel and tomb for himself which, as we have already seen, his defeat, death and insulting burial at Benevento prevented him from occupying. A curious Latin inscription records the gift of the tomb by Charles of Anjou to one of his soldiers. It is worth while after visiting the church to ascend to the top of the mountain, as it is the highest peak of the Avellino group, and commands extensive views over sea and land. The archaeologist will not fail on his return to Mercogliano to visit the archives contained in the Ospizio, where the abbot and several monks are still allowed to reside. The collection contains a great number of historical manuscripts.

Another interesting ride from Avellino is to the source of the Serino spring, which rises from the mountain-side, and is supposed, like

the spring of Piedimonte d' Alife, to be fed by an underground lake in the mountains. During a part of the year there is a lake above ground, but in the summer this is said to dry up, and the spring is then fed from an underground lake which filters through the basin above in the winter months. This water is intercepted here and carried to Naples in iron pipes. It is there stored in vast tanks near the Palace of Capodimonte, whence it is disseminated throughout the city, providing it with the finest water-supply of any town in the world. As it comes at a pressure of five atmospheres it is capable of driving a lift to the top of the highest houses, and as the supply is continuous the use of house cisterns with their accompanying dangers is rendered wholly unnecessary. The water, moreover, is so cold that even in the height of a Neapolitan summer it is scarcely necessary to have ice in the house for the cooling of perishable articles of consumption; it being sufficient to put them in a closed vessel and allow a drip of the Serino water to fall upon them. So plentiful is the supply that many neighbouring towns have the benefit of it, and it is sent by train and steamer to places as far off as Procida

and even Bari, on the not infrequent occasions when such miserable water-supply as these towns have to put up with runs short. But the longest journey we have heard of as being taken by this water was its export in large quantities to Africa to supply the Italian troops at the time of their disastrous campaign against Abyssinia.

Avellino is also the home of the hazel nut, which will be seen growing in profusion in the neighbourhood. Its Latin name is *Coryolus Abellana*, thus sufficiently indicating both the antiquity of cultivation and the classical origin of its establishment in this locality.

The town of Nola, though in fact in the province of Caserta, is much more easily visited from Avellino. It is a typical example of the smaller class of South Italian towns, and is chiefly important for its garrison. It seems extraordinary that so small a town should contain no less than 12,000 inhabitants, and this must be to a great extent owing to the fertility of the plains around, which provide employment for so large a number of people. Like most places in this neighbourhood which have any pretension to be called towns, Nola

boasts of a bishop, and what is much more, of a bishopric going back to a very respectable antiquity. Indeed Nola takes an important place in the annals of the Christian Church.

St. Felix, presbyter of Nola, had a small oratory at Cimitile, about a couple of miles from the town. He suffered great persecution at the hands of the Roman Emperors Trajan and Hadrian, so that his date may be placed in the early part of the second century A.D. He was, however, not honoured with the crown of martyrdom, but after his death his tomb and altar became the bourne of long pilgrimages. That he escaped martyrdom is accounted for by a time-honoured legend, which is corroborated by showing a hole in the wall of the crypt in which he hid himself from those who had come to take his life. No sooner had he ensconced himself in this refuge than a spider with miraculous energy spun her web completely over the entrance to it. When the soldiers arrived to take him they sought for him in vain and passed by the hole in the wall, on the ground that no one could be hidden in a place which was covered with a spider's web, which it

must have taken such an insect many days to make.

The following incident is historical, for it occurs in the writings of no less a person than St. Augustin.[1]

A theological difference having arisen between two disputants, St. Augustin sent them from Egypt to the altar of St. Felix at Nola, and thus records the matter :—

> The holiness of this place, where the body of the blessed Felix of Nola is buried, is well known to many people, to which place I wish them (the disputants) to proceed, so that they may the more easily and faithfully write to us concerning anything which was contested in their theology.

And again in the same letter :—

> I decline to examine why these miracles are done here and not in other places.

A very great number of the early Christians suffered martyrdom at Nola, and all of them seem to have been buried in this cemetery of Cimitile, near the altar and tomb of St. Felix, thereby hallowing a spot which has preserved its sanctity throughout the Christian centuries.

Upon the importance of St. Felix and his works we hear most from the writings of St.

[1] St. Augustin, *Epist.* lxxviii.

Paulinus who was born in Bordeaux in 353 A.D. and first came to Italy in his youth. On his arrival he went to Nola and dedicated himself to St. Felix. He then went to Rome and having obtained the appointment of Consul in Campania, he records how when he was twenty-one years of age he cut off his beard and dedicated it to St. Felix. He subsequently resigned his Consulship, returned to France, and married a Spaniard. He lost his only child a few days after its birth, and by his wife's advice sold his goods, went to Spain, was made a priest at Barcelona, came to Florence where he met St. Ambrose, and found his way back a poor pilgrim to worship at the tomb of his own Felix. He tells us most of these particulars, and a good many more, in some hexameter poems written evidently at intervals during his residence in Nola.[1]

The shrine of St. Felix was originally a small oratory in a little garden, but by degrees, as the burial-places of the martyrs became more revered, five basilicas arose in its neighbourhood and were dedicated to St. Felix, the

[1] Sancti Paulini Opera. Migne, Paris, 1861.

Holy Martyrs, St. Stephen, St. Thomas, and St. John the Baptist. But little remains of these buildings. A hideous modern church has been built upon the foundations of the principal basilica, fortunately without causing any damage to the interesting crypt beneath; in fact, were a few dozen loads of rubbish taken out of it, it would be a very interesting monument of ecclesiastical archaeology, and would probably present much the same appearance as it presented fifteen hundred years ago.

The glory of San Felice has been very much eclipsed by that of St. Paulinus, whose name is held in high honour at Nola to this day, as the following account of the annual festival in his honour will prove:—

St. Paulinus, after a missionary journey to Turkey, landed from his ship at Torre dell' Annunziata, and the population of Nola turned out *en masse* to welcome him, bearing in their hands small towers of lilies. These towers were at first made in great numbers and placed about the town every year, on the 22nd of June, to celebrate the arrival of the saint; and though the festival is still held, the character of

the lilies has altogether changed, and instead of being flowers they are now lofty towers of wood gaily papered over, and decked out with small lamps, numerous flags, and other ornaments, and upon the top of all stands the statue of a saint. For ten days before the 22nd of June the whole town is alive in preparation for the festival, and the so-called "lilies" of last year are brought out and renovated. They are eight in number, and each one bears some emblem to distinguish its owner, who may be a shoemaker, or a tailor, or a butcher, or some other tradesman. They are carried to the main square of the town, and placed four on one side and four on the other. Between them is a sailing ship, which represents the vessel in which St. Paulinus came to Torre dell' Annunziata. In the ship is a brass band, and a black man dressed as a Turk who frantically waves a sword, and is intended to represent the captain of the ship. Needless to say that the city is full of guests, who troop in from all the towns in the neighbourhood. There is scarcely standing room in the Piazza, and as each "lily" has its own band the noise is deafening. It is a thoroughly popular festival, for men stand

upon the lilies and throw plaster *confetti* into the crowd. This is a little amusement commonly indulged in at Carnival time, and when skilfully thrown these missiles sting one's face pretty smartly. When the silver bust of Saint Paulinus is brought out all the fire is directed upon it, and the unfortunate saint is pelted till the silver rattles again.

About mid-day a procession is formed, and these huge lilies are carried round the town on men's shoulders, and finally set down opposite the houses of their owners. It will be easily imagined that the work of carrying them is tremendous, and the unfortunate men who do the work well deserve the dinner they get when it is over. Still, they take a delight in their share of the day's entertainment, and march merrily to the sound of the band which precedes each lily.

At nightfall the real "fun of the fair" begins. Every one has feasted sumptuously, according to his income; macaroni has been swallowed in fabulous quantities; wine has flowed freely from ten thousand goblets, and there they all are as merry as you please; but as we stroll through the throng there is no

jostling, no elbowing, no disorder, and, above all, nobody drunk! Not that they take their pleasures in any sense sadly. Not a bit of it; there is joy on all the faces, merriment in every eye; and, as the lilies are now lighted up from top to bottom, they present a lustre of coloured lights, hung all over them in fancy patterns. It is a very pretty and quite unique sight; and the balmy air of an Italian summer evening does much to enhance one's enjoyment of the scene. The people withal are extremely chatty and agreeable. Talk to the peasant woman who is standing by you and you will not find her lose her composure or be in the least shy. Encourage her ever so little and she will tell you all about her home and her life in it. She will evince, perhaps, a mild amount of astonishment when you tell her that you come from a country where the people do not speak Neapolitan, and will heartily despise the British Isles when you tell her that they produce no wine! Lastly, the inevitable fireworks rend the air, and when they are over the crowd disperses, leaving the lilies to burn out in silence and solitude, for the Festa di San Paolino is over.

The same performance is gone through on the following day, when a prize is given to the fortunate owner of that lily which, in the opinion of the judges, is the handsomest; and then the lilies are stripped, and their skeletons are unscrewed and put by for the following year.[1]

Paulinus of Nola is said to have introduced a doubtful blessing into the Christian Church. Every one who knows anything of Italian, and many who do not, are aware that *campana* is an Italian word signifying a bell, but not every one is aware that the word is derived from Campania, the Latin name of the province we are visiting. It is said that Paulinus was the inventor of church bells, and that he called them after the name of the province. It is pretty certain that a bell with a tongue in it

[1] San Paolino di Nola is not the same as the St. Paulinus who founded the Archbishopric of York. The following is an interesting account of Paulinus of York, taken from Dr. Brewer's *Readers' Handbook*:—

"Paulinus of York christened 10,000 men, besides women and their children, in one single day, in the Swale. (Altogether some 50,000 souls, *i.e.* 104 every minute, 6250 every hour, supposing he worked eight hours a day without stopping.)

"When the Saxons first received the Christian faith,
Paulinus of old York, the zealous Bishop then,
In Swale's abundant stream christened ten thousand men,
With women and their babes a number more besides,
Upon one happy day."

Drayton, *Polyolbion*, xxviii. (1622).

was not known much before the Christian era. We find cattle bells in considerable numbers at Pompeii in the first century A.D., and the writer himself found two hand bells of bronze, such as those commonly seen on office writing tables, in a late tomb of Roman period in the neighbourhood of Pozzuoli. The mistake of giving bells an earlier date than that to which they are entitled has arisen, no doubt, from the habit of translating the Latin word *tympanum* by the English word "bell." The tympanum of the Romans was a disc of bronze sounded with a striker, and would, in fact, better be translated by the word "gong," although the tympanum is a thick plate of solid metal like an Indian gong, in contradistinction to the Chinese gong, which is a thin plate of metal hammer-wrought. A very fine specimen of a Roman tympanum with its striker may be seen in the Naples Museum. It was found in Pompeii, but the exact locality is not known, so that we cannot conjecture to what special use it was put in Roman times. It is a bronze disc about eight inches in diameter, and has a fine clear tone, like an ordinary church bell of small size.

The most important production for which Nola has been celebrated since the fifth century B.C. is that of painted vases. In the early times of Greek colonisation factories of vases to imitate those made in Greece were established in divers parts of "Magna Grecia" as South Italy was then called. Of these the factory of Nola was by far the most important, and produced vases equal to those of the best period made in Athens. The clay was of the finest, they were unrivalled in shape and varnish, and the dexterity with which they were painted never has been and never will be excelled. The most famous product of the Nolan potters is a vase in the Naples Museum known to archaeologists by the name of "The vase of the Sack of Troy." It represents the last night of Troy, and it is probable that the composition was derived from a tradition of the celebrated groups of paintings with which Polygnotus decorated the Stoa of Delphi. The only difficulty with regard to this tradition is that Polygnotus did not go to Delphi till after the death of Cimon in 449 B.C., which would give this vase rather a later date than we should otherwise assign to it. Certain it is that the

style of painting adopted on the vase corresponds exactly to what we know of the art of Polygnotus, but it may quite well be that the Nolan potter had studied in the same school, and was a disciple with Polygnotus of the same master. That he was a Greek is certain, and it is more than probable that in the pursuit of his art he had come over to Italy and established himself at Nola. This *chef d'œuvre* of his composition displays a single band of nineteen figures; the centre of the band containing the principal picture, which consists of a group representing Pyrrhus about to slay Priam who has taken refuge on the altar of Jove beneath a spreading palm-tree, holding on his knees the bloody corpse of the boy Astyanax, and clasping his head with his hand while he awaits his death-blow. At the foot of the altar Polytes, the son of Priam, who had in vain tried to save his father, lies prostrate from the sword of Pyrrhus. The next group represents Andromache attacking Menelaus with a pestle while he is spoiling the body of Deiphobus. We next find an Attic legend representing two heroes of Athens, Akamas and Demophon, who have found their grandmother Othra among the slaves of Helen.

Another exquisite group shows Hecuba and Helen by the Palladium to which Cassandra is clinging, while Ajax grasping her flowing locks endeavours to tear her from the shrine after killing Coroebus her suitor; and lastly Aeneas carrying Anchises on his back and leading Ascanius by the hand.

There exists also in the Naples Museum a small balsamarium of exquisite shape and varnish, bearing a red figure of a damsel playing on the lyre. This vase though quite small is looked upon as one of the greatest gems in the history of Nolan vase-painting; and the artist thought so too, for he wrote over her head the graceful legend, "I think you are very pretty."

Among other souvenirs of the classical times, Nola contains a monument dear to archaeologists, and known to them by the name of the "Cippus Abellinus," which is preserved in the Seminary a few minutes' walk from the town. The material of which it is composed is identical with the marble found to this day in the neighbouring hills, showing that it must have been hewn on the spot. The inscription is in Oscan, and written from right to left, but the period of the stone itself is undoubtedly Roman,

as is proved by the meaning of the inscriptions on it. The reason of this apparent incongruity is that the Oscan language lingered long in these out-of-the-way places, as indeed was the case in the far less remote Pompeii, where we find inscriptions in the Oscan character which must have been put up under the Roman dominion.

The obverse of the Cippus recites the boundaries of Nola and Abellinum, with the shape of Nola "as described on the tablets." It also mentions the strength of Nola on its boundaries, and having stated its disagreement with the previous award of Statelius of Suessola, orders that the ancient boundaries should be restored to the town.

The reverse of the stone bears an inscription from the Roman Senate to the magistracy of Abellinum, giving them instructions as to their course of action in the matter.

The stone thus is a record of the settlement of an ancient boundary dispute, which Statelius, an inhabitant of the neighbouring town of Suessola, had been called in to arbitrate upon. The records of similar disputes are not infrequent. In the Street of the Tombs at

Pompeii we find the following inscription:— "By authority of the Emperor Caesar Vespasian Augustus, Titus Suedius Clemens having heard the arguments and made the measurements, restored to the republic of Pompeii the public places which had been taken possession of by private individuals."

In ancient times, whenever information had to be conveyed to the public, or a new law had to be promulgated, it was done by putting up an inscription in a public place where everybody who liked could read it, and every one who was scholar enough could copy it if he wished. The reference in the inscription to "the tablets" shows that the details of the survey were stored in the archives, and were accessible to any one who liked to refer to them.

The stone was found in 1745, and no doubt at or near to the very spot where it had been placed by decree of the Senate many centuries before. It was wisely removed to the Seminary at Nola five years afterwards, where it has since been carefully preserved. It appears to have stood at the angle of a road because the marks of cart wheels have obliterated some of the

words of the inscriptions and left them to the conjectures of experts.

Another classical event for which Nola is famous is the death of Augustus in 14 A.D. Suetonius, the Roman historian, whose greatest work is his *Lives of the Caesars*, which includes the Caesars from Julius to Domitian, (writing probably in the early part of the second century) tells us that Augustus died at Nola in the same bed as his father Octavius, in the year when Sextius Pompeius and Appuleius were Consuls. Augustus was the first and greatest of the Roman emperors, and his reign was the golden age of art and literature at Rome. He died in his seventy-sixth year, and was succeeded by Tiberius.

In more modern times Nola has had two celebrated sons, Giordano Bruno and Giovanni da Nola. The former began life as a Dominican Friar, but he threw up his orders, and escaped to Germany. He subsequently returned to Italy, was arrested, tried after the manner of the times, and ultimately taken to Rome where he was burnt as an atheist near St. Peter's in the seventeenth century, after promulgating radical doctrines in various parts of Europe. A few

years ago, Commendatore Bovio, a lawyer of considerable eminence and one of the most learned and eloquent of the radical deputies in Italy, discovered (if we may use the term) Giordano Bruno, and carried on a campaign in the political circles of Italy wherein he extolled Bruno as the leading spirit of his time, and having traced the effects of his career as running through the entire history of Liberalism in Italy, contrived to raise subscriptions enough to erect a statue to his memory. Until Bovio's campaign was inaugurated few people here seem ever to have heard much of Giordano Bruno, or to have esteemed him a personage of any great political importance; but, eventually, a statue was unveiled to him at Rome on Whitsunday 1889, on a spot believed to be that on which he was burnt. The ceremony, which was intended to be thoroughly anti-papal, was celebrated with great rejoicings by the Masonic body in Italy, and the whole radical party.

Giovanni da Nola, whose real name was Giovanni Merliano, was born at Nola in 1478 and died in 1559. He was the most famous sculptor that these provinces have produced, and a great deal of his work, both in wood and

in marble, is to be seen in many of the Neapolitan churches. The fine wooden crucifix in Santa Maria la Nuova is attributed to him, and a tomb in Sant' Anna dei Lombardi, that great museum of Neapolitan sculpture, is also by his hand. Clever as he undoubtedly was, he is barely entitled to take his place in the highest rank of the sculptors of the fifteenth century, but his work is so good that a town of far greater pretensions than Nola would have had every right to be proud of him, and to cherish his memory.

We mentioned in our opening chapter that the old mystery play entitled *La nascita del Verbo Umanato* was no longer played at Naples, having been suppressed in the year 1889 by the municipal authorities. For the benefit of those who have not read our former work[1] we must explain that this drama was played in the Neapolitan theatres on Christmas eve, the scene being laid at Bethlehem and the performers of the piece including such characters as the Archangel Gabriel, St. Joseph, the Virgin Mary, and a comic character or two thrown in, by means of whom a drama which was originally no doubt

[1] *Naples in 1888.* Trübner, London.

extremely religious degenerated in parts into the broadest of broad farces. The drama, which had been played for centuries in various theatres in the town, was abolished the year after our book was written, and so we had the advantage of seeing the performance on the very last time it was played. Although this play was abolished in Naples itself, there are a great number of mystery plays given in the country towns, the difference being that these latter dramas are all acted either in the churches or on stages erected in front of their principal entrance, whereas the Naples play was given in one of the theatres. At Cava we have the *Martyrdom of Santa Felicità* played in front of the church to a crowd collected on the piazza. The scene opens with the saint at prayer surrounded by her seven sons. She is seized with her children and carried off to prison. She then appears on the stage again and informs the audience that her sons have all been thrown to the wild beasts in the Circus Maximus at Rome, and that although she was shut up in a dungeon without so much as a window, God the All-powerful enabled her to see what was going on in spite of the walls of her prison. A

company of soldiers then enters and drags her before the judge, who asks her a number of questions, and receives from her replies denouncing the Pagan religion and glorifying that which she professes. He puts her to the torture and finally condemns her to death. The saint is (apparently) disrobed to the waist; she is then beaten with rods which have been dipped in water coloured red to produce the realistic result of blood issuing from the stripes. Then comes her execution. Her hair is rudely cut off by a Roman soldier; she is made to kneel and lay her head upon the trunk of a tree; the sword is raised high to decapitate her, and the curtain falls amid roars of applause. Then the saint and the judge and the soldiers come out and bow to the entranced audience; the saint being received with loud applause, and the judge and soldiers incontinently hissed.

The most common form of mystery play is, however, the Passion of our Lord, and for sacred dramatism perhaps Ottaiano (a town of 19,476 inhabitants on the slopes of Vesuvius, and in the neighbourhood of Nola) claims a place as important as any, for here we have mediaeval survivals so curious that we can scarcely believe

we are living at the close of the nineteenth century.

A procession is formed in Holy Week which marches completely round the town, and is formed in the following manner.

Our Lord is represented by a man who bows himself under the weight of a large cross, having four ropes tied to him, each of which is held by a man; two marching before him armed with lances, and two behind him bearing scourges in their hands. Behind them come two figures dressed in the long white robe of a burial guild, with hoods which completely cover their heads and faces, and having small slits in them through which their eyes alone can be seen. One of these carries a trumpet, and the other a drum. Another couple similarly dressed follow with the ladder and the whipping post; a third couple bear a snake and a chalice; a fourth bear the sun and moon with their noses, eyes, and mouths painted, thus giving the heavenly bodies a most ludicrous appearance; a fifth couple carry the cock which crowed at the denial of Saint Peter, and a hammer, nails, pincers, and sponge all fastened on a piece of wood; and lastly, a sixth couple

bear the handkerchief of Saint Catherine with the picture of Christ's head upon it, and the three dice with which the Roman soldiers cast lots for the seamless robe.

A vast public views this scene with extraordinary enthusiasm; indeed the wonder is that they can be prevented from kneeling down as the procession goes by, for they are deeply moved, and seem to forget for the moment that the actors in this scene are their own next-door neighbours, people with whom they come in contact every day of their lives.

The procession over, we proceed to the Chiesa del Carmine to see a performance in itself scarcely less curious. At the back of the altar a large wheel is set up, and upon the outer edge of this wheel statuettes are fixed representing our Lord carrying the cross on His shoulders, and making His way to Calvary, followed by a crowd of Jews who strike and insult Him. Amongst these is one who is giving Him a blow with his hand and another a kick with his foot (for it seems impossible in these plays to eliminate the grotesque element). The scene appears natural enough, because, the wheel being gradually turned, group after group

appears successively to the people, whose emotional faculties are intensely wrought upon, so that, whatever it may appear to more educated eyes, to the people for whom it is played it does not give the impression of a puppet show.

It will thus be seen that Ottaiano is keen on the realistic, for besides the scene we have described they have another passion play to the glory of St. Michael and All Angels. This is played in a church, and a part of the performance consists in hanging children up by ropes to the roof of the building to represent angels, and causing them to sing hymns in honour of St. Michael in this uncomfortable position and at this dangerous altitude, while the awe-struck congregation listen with all their ears that they may not lose a word of what appears to them an inspired utterance.

In the chapter which we devoted to yachting, we recommended our yachtsman, if he were a good pedestrian, to leave his boat at Amalfi and walk up to San Lazzaro in Agerola. Any one who does this will have a steep climb up a rugged path, and enjoy extremely beautiful scenery all the way. San Lazzaro may, however,

be reached far more easily than this, and the most comfortable way of getting there is to start from Castellamare di Stabia in a carriage, and passing through Gragnano ascend the lovely road which leads thence up the mountain to San Lazzaro. Like all Italian roads this one is beautifully engineered, and ends in a great surprise, for when we have climbed nearly to the top of the mountain we find a tunnel which takes us through the hill, and on emerging from it we find ourselves in a totally different country. The group of hamlets which constitute Agerola is situated in a ravine-like valley at something like 4000 feet above the sea. Instead of the flat-roofed cottages which we find in the plains below, the houses here have roofs made of chestnut poles sawn in half longitudinally, and built to a very high pitch, thus giving the village an absolutely Swiss appearance. The result is delightfully picturesque, and the reason why the houses are thus roofed is on account of the snow which falls heavily in the winter and would inevitably break in a flat roof. Passing through the village, we see on our right a large house which looks like a ruin. On approaching it we find it to be an unfinished mansion. It

was commenced some years ago by the Marchese Avitabile, who was murdered before it was completed, and his successors have left it unfinished. The position chosen affords the most extensive view over the bay of Salerno, for the house may be seen from almost any point of that bay, and its position is truly a magnificent one, for during the heat of summer the locality is so cool that one could scarcely believe oneself to be in Southern Italy. The chief produce of the village is an excellent red eating apple, which is unrivalled for its keeping properties. These are exported in considerable quantities, besides providing the local market at a very reasonable figure. A walk of about three hours down a mountain path (for the most part so rugged and steep as to be difficult for a mule with a man on his back) leads from hence to Amalfi, and if we decide to take this route we shall have crossed the Sorrentine peninsula at its most picturesque point, and we shall have enjoyed a variety of scenery not often to be found in so brief a space of time; for the landscape of the Amalfi side is much more majestic than that of the Naples side of the range, though in its own way the latter is none the

less beautiful. There are several points (notably the top of Sant' Angelo) where the promontory looks for all the world like an enchanted island, for the sea spreads round us on three sides, and the low ground which separates Vesuvius from Castellamare is so shut out that we can easily imagine an arm of the sea to run up into it. What if the ancient hands which made Athos[1] into an island had devoted their energies to this promontory, and cut a canal from Stabia to Salernum to avoid the dangers of the Siren rocks, so much dreaded by the mariners of antiquity? Could we not people the banks of such a canal with thriving cities and busy populations? Would it not have been much more profitable as a commercial enterprise than the same amount of labour expended on the barren shores of Northern Greece?

Let us, however, leave idle speculations to dreaming speculators, and wind down the carriage road again to the wooded slopes of Castellamare, and if there is any daylight left we may turn aside and ramble over the ruins of the mediaeval castle of Lettere, which

[1] "Creditur olim velificatus Athos et quidquid Grecia mendax audet in historia."

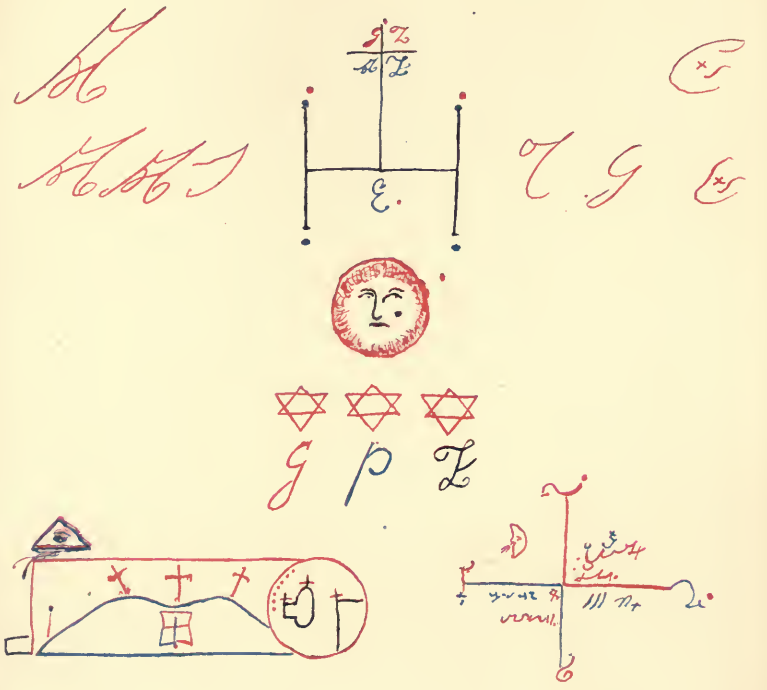
we may people with knights and dames and belted retainers, as we watch the sun dip into the Bay of Naples, lighting up Pompeii, which is at our feet, with his golden rays, causing the townships on the further hills to appear like brilliant jewels set in dark enamel, and while glistening on the rugged peaks of Monte Somma throw into deep shadow the ever-varying colours of the volcano, till the crater fades from our sight in the soft purple haze of an Italian sunset.

CHAPTER VIII

SORCERY AND WITCHCRAFT

We have incidentally mentioned in a former chapter how extremely common the belief in witchcraft is in Southern Italy, and we give an illustration of an incantation with cabalistic signs, and an invocation in Italian, which fell into our hands recently in purchasing some cigars of a tobacconist in Naples. On unfolding the packet we found this curious document.

The upper symbol consists of a black cross between two black pillars; both pillars and the three points of the cross have red balls at their extremities. At the arms of the cross are the letters "G Z" in red ink, and "M Z" in blue. To the left of the cross is the letter "M," and beneath it, the letters "M M S"; and on the right of the cross the letter "O"



In nome Dell'altissimo io Sol principe Zacchiello in nome
di Dio ti comando Barachiello siccome tu ai avuto la forza da
Dio di tutto io ti comando o Principe Barachiello all'arga
queste nuve e allontana dalla Terra queste formidabile acque della
Terra allargatevi o nebbie e fermate queste formidabile acque
della Terra io vi comando perchè tu mi hai imparato ed io
ti comandero e tu lo devi formare in nome di Dio

Zacchiello.

with a cross in it, in Italian fashion, and beneath that the letters "T G O," the lower "O," like the other one, having a cross in it. Beneath the main cross is a capital "E" with a spot of red ink; beneath that again is a picture representing the sun, with three double triangles in red ink. Under these again are "G" in red ink, "P" in blue, and "Z" in black ink. Beneath these are two emblems. On the left the all-seeing eye in a triangle mixed blue and red, with blue and red lines trending downwards to a parallelogram, which appears to be reached by a black step. This step is, however, cut off by the red perpendicular line of the parallelogram, the upper line also being red and ending in a circle which is also red, the lower line of the parallelogram being blue. Within the parallelogram we see the configuration of a mountain, upon the rise of which is a red pillar with a blue ball over it; and upon the summit are three red crosses, the centre one being larger than the others. Beneath the principal cross is a nearly square rectangle, which is interspaced by a cross of which the vertical is blue and the cross-bar red; the figure itself being three-

quarters red, and the rest blue. Beneath it is a red ball. The circle in which the parallelogram ends is all of red. Inside it are seven red balls, and what seems to be the sectional elevation of a cathedral church in black, with two crosses upon it, the verticals of which are black and the cross-pieces red. An angular segment of the circle is also made with a cross at the angle, of which the vertical is black and the cross-piece red, as in the other crosses.

On the right-hand side of the paper we find a cross[1] with four cabalistic signs in red and blue at the extremities of the four arms. At the top the sign is red with a red ball above it. The next sign to the right is blue with a red ball; the sign at the lower end of the cross is a red interrogative sign (upside down) with a blue ball above it; and the sign on the left arm of the cross is partly red and partly blue, with a blue ball beneath it.[2] Of the emblems within the rectangles of the cross

[1] We have styled this symbol a "cross" for want of a better word. The verticals and horizontals being of equal height, it is not properly a cross. We shall show further on that, in our opinion, it is a *Swastika*.

[2] These may be letters of some alphabet unknown to the writer, as also the signs in lower left angle and the upper right angle. The former of these is something like the Hebrew "aleph."

it is extremely difficult to speak with certainty, because every reader will admit that they are difficult to distinguish. In the first quarter we have to do with, there is a waxing moon with something coming out of the mouth which appears to direct attention to the red and blue symbol on the left arm of the cross. The incantation at the bottom is in bad Italian, and written in lines of red and blue ink alternately.

It runs thus :—

In the name of the most High and of the Prince Zacchiello in name of God I command thee Baracchiello as thou hast had the strength given thee by God over everything I command thee O Prince Baracchiello drive off these clouds and get rid from the earth these formidable waters from the earth flee O ye fogs and stop these formidable waters from the earth I command thee because thou teachedst me and I shall command thee and thou must stop it in the name of God ZACCHIELLO.

The original Italian is, as we have said, very incorrect, but the words written above are a literal translation of it. We have put in no stops because there are none in the original, and we shall deal with the invocation as soon as we have explained what we can of the cabalistic signs in the body of the paper.

There can be no doubt that the paper was a charm against floods; and there must have been two parties to the charm: first the man who made it; and secondly, the man who bought it. Judging by analogy, one would assume that some one suffering from a plague of water, a thing so common in all parts of Italy, went to a sorcerer, and obtained from him (no doubt on payment) a charm to stop the flood. If this is a fair inference, we may assume also that the sorcerer acted on a definite line, and that his cabalistic signs were not made absolutely by chance, but were copied or evolved from the writings of other sorcerers to whom he had been a pupil, or with whose writings he was conversant.

With these premises in our mind, we examined this writing with considerable care; and without in any way pledging ourselves to anything above speculation in the matter, we venture to offer the following interpretations to our readers.

First of all, having puzzled over the matter ourselves to the best of our ability, we submitted it to a lady of our acquaintance, not

a professional medium, who by her own confession knew nothing whatever about the matter. She is a lady absolutely above suspicion; and the answers were written by "Planchette" in the presence only of two other ladies, also well known to the writer, of whom only one knew Italian; and she could not, by any known method of thought-transference, have influenced the two ladies who were working Planchette, for the excellent reason that the answers given were entirely out of her knowledge.

The following is a verbatim copy of the paper forwarded to us.

INTERPRETATION OF INCANTATION WITH CABALISTIC SIGNS, AND AN INVOCATION IN ITALIAN

Q. Who is Zacchiello?

A. He was an Astrologer in the days of the Borgias, a follower of Pythagoras, and the parchment was used for exorcism and incantation.

INTERPRETATION OF UPPER SYMBOL IN CENTRE

The cross between the two pillars "Jachin" and "Boaz," the good and evil. "G" I do not know. "M" is Michael and the "Z's" are Zacchiello. They are on the left side from the figure who would be on the cross typifying: the "blue" his earth experience beneath the arm of the cross; the "red" the spiritual experience transformed by that cross.

Q. What is the "E" at the bottom?

A. Eleazar. Represents the earth-bound soul.

Symbol on the Left Hand

The eye and the triangle are the unity in Trinity, the mixed colours again representing humanity in divinity; the hill is Calvary with the three crosses. The window below is Hades which has been opened by the central Cross. The excrescences are the earthly element pushed outside by the divine, and the pillar is again Jachin triumphing over evil and expelling it in the shape of a ball. The circle is the earth embraced by the divine, the balls are the seven lamps of the churches of Christendom; the segment of the circle surmounted by the cross is Rome the first dispenser of salvation, which has spread over that portion of the globe. The remaining crosses are the Greek and Anglican churches working in a circle distinct from the true faith.

Symbol on the Right Hand

This is the incantation to abate the plague of waters. All the signs, which belong to the Kabbala, are still showing the conflict between good and evil. The signs were to be invoked in the name of the Blessed Trinity, whose powers and symbols have been described.

The words are those written below and form an occult exorcism.

Q. What is the date of this paper?

A. This is a copy of an old incantation of Zacchiello and used within the last sixty years in the floods of 1829.

Q. Give me the exact date of the floods.

A. August 1829.

Q. How did they read the incantation?

A. They assembled together and a chosen prophet or seer read out in solemn tones the invocation accompanying it with the burning of incense, preceded by prayer and fasting. It was read three nights when the moon began to decline from the full.

Q. What is the meaning of the three letters "G P Z"?

A. "P" is the symbol of the Christ, "Z" is Zacchiello, and "G" I do not know.

Q. What spirit is answering these questions?

A. Cardinal Antonelli.[1]

It is fair to add, on the testimony of the three ladies who alone were present, that this explanation was written straight off by Planchette without any hesitation whatever.

Leaving Planchette behind, let us see what we can make out for certain from our own observation. First of all, who was Baracchiello? We read in *La Haute Magie*[2] that the world according to ancient belief was governed by seven secondary causes which were the universal forces designated by Moses under the plural noun Elohim. These forces, being contrary the one to the other, produce an equilibrium by their contrast, and thus regulate

[1] We omit the remainder of the paper because it contains a private conversation between the spirit of the Cardinal and the ladies, which we do not venture to publish.

[2] *Dogme et Rituel de la haute Magie*, par Eliphas Levi. Paris, 1861.

the movement of the heavenly bodies. The Jews called them the seven great Archangels, and gave them the names of Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, Anael, Samael, Zadkiel, and Oriphiel. The Gnostics call the four last, Uriel, Barachiel, Sealtiel, and Jehudiel. Other nations have attributed to these spirits the government of the seven principal planets and have given them the name of their important divinities. All nations have believed in their relative influence; and their astronomers divided the ancient heaven amongst them, and gave each one the rule over one of the seven days of the week. The seven sacraments refer to this great and universal division by seven. Baptism, which consecrates water, belongs to the Moon; rigorous penance is under the auspices of Samael (otherwise Barachiel) the angel of Mars; confirmation, which by tradition conferred the gift of tongues, under Raphael the angel of Mercury; the Holy Eucharist, under Jupiter; marriage, under Anael (otherwise Oriel); the extreme unction, under Saturn; and holy orders, under the dominion of the Sun. And to show the antiquity and universality of the idea, we have incorporated it

into our everyday language, and speak of our friends as jovial, or martial, and of those we dislike as saturnine, mercurial, or lunatic![1]

The workings of magic are also seven in number: (1) works of light and wealth, under the auspices of the Sun; (2) works of divination and mystery are governed by the Moon; (3) craft, science, and eloquence belong to Mercury; (4) wrath and punishment to Mars; (5) love to Venus; (6) Ambition, and politics generally, to Jupiter; (7) curses and death are under the patronage of Saturn.

That the document before us is in great part astrological, admits of no doubt; for we find on examining it that it bears pictures of the sun, the moon, and three stars, and we shall see further on that there are other signs of the Kabbala upon it. Now these stars are the six-pointed stars formed by laying one triangle upon another; and not the five-pointed star of the Jews which had a mysticism of its own belonging to it.[2] And if we are to take the

[1] "I know the shape of's leg; this is his hand,
His foot mercurial, his martial thigh,
The brawns of Hercules."

Shakespeare, *Cymbeline*, ACT iv. SC. 2.

[2] See *The Gnostics and their Remains*, Plate "O," by C. W. King. David Nutt, London, 1887.

capital letters on the document to represent the archangels of the Gnostics, we should have the stars of Gabriel, Raphael, and Zadkiel especially indicated by the initial beneath them; we find the invocation at the bottom is to Baracchiello, who is the representative of the planet Mars, as we have already seen, that is, of plague and punishment; we have "M" for Michael; "S" for Sealtiel; and "O" for Oriphiel; thus leaving only the initial "T" unexplained.

To turn to the other astrological symbol, we find below on the right the sacred *Swastika* which represents the primeval method by which the Buddhists obtain the only fire which they esteem to be really pure for their religious rites. The Swastika thus became the emblem first of fire, then of the sun, and as the sun is the basis of almost all the religions of antiquity, the Swastika was practically the emblem of the Supreme Being. And the moon held a place second only to the sun, for the moon-goddess was ever associated with the sun-god in the East, in Egypt, and even in Greece and Rome. Now it will be observed that we have in this symbol nine emblems. First the Swastika, secondly the

moon, thirdly, a cabalistic sign at the end of each arm of the Swastika, and cabalistic writings in the three remaining angles, at the intersection of the arms of the Swastika itself. Thus we have in this one symbol a representation of the sun, the moon, and the seven planets.

The Christian portion of this talisman (to deal only with the emblems) consists of the big cross at the top round which Gabriel, Michael, and Zadkiel's initial letters are placed. But the most important Christian symbol is that one which is below on the left hand, and on a level with the Swastika. Here the Eye in the triangle above the picture clearly represents the All-seeing Eye of the Triune God, whose indivisible Trinity is in no way arrested by the sacrifice of Calvary, which is clearly represented beneath. The red circle on the extreme right represents the regenerate world and the seven red balls the seven sacraments of the Church. The building with the two crosses on it represents St. Peter's at Rome with its vast dome and its magnificent crypt, the crosses on it being turned in order to show them. The segment of the circle surmounted by the cross must represent the Church *in partibus infedelium;* for the Church

of Rome has never recognised any other church as a means of grace. We think it quite likely that the square beneath the centre cross represents the gate of Hades drawn in red and blue, to show that all souls pure and impure must enter it. We notice beneath the gate a red ball representing the purity of the soul which has just descended into Hades. To return for a moment to the upper symbol. It strikes us as possible that it represents the three crosses of the crucifixion; the two side ones being in profile do not show their arms, but are set up to face the Cross of the Redeemer, and not full-face as in ordinary pictures of the crucifixion. It may be noted also that the centre Cross appears to stand on the level of the earth while the other two are sunk considerably beneath, alluding perhaps to the doctrine that the sacrifice of Christ was intended for the whole world.

The diversity of colours must also have its signification, as it is so persistently adhered to throughout the whole of the document. Three colours are used, red, black, and blue. In red we have all the initials of the archangels excepting two, and of these two one is in blue, and

the other in black. The one in blue represents a capital "P" of our character, and is beneath the central star. We have treated this letter as being an "R" because it is the Greek form of that letter, and have attributed the initial to Raphael. The central star may, however, represent Our Lord, and the letter may stand for a symbol of his perfect manhood, represented in blue. We should of course have expected "X P" (Chi-Ro) as this would have been the proper emblem of the Redeemer, and we should also have expected to have seen the middle star larger than the other two. But on the whole the suggestion of Planchette that the blue belongs to things appertaining to the earth, and the red to the regenerate world to come, is as good an explanation as can be given, and is supported by the fact that the Mount of Calvary is all in blue, whereas the crosses on it are in red. This opinion would have been further fortified had the cross of the impenitent thief been represented in blue, but this is not the case. A certain amount of the drawings are in black ink,—namely, the whole emblem at the top; the "Z" beneath the star of Zadkiel; and the small parallelogram which looks like a

step to Mount Calvary, but we think is really intended to give depth to the picture. The outlines of the church and the segment of the circle are also in black.

With regard to the pillars "Jachin" and, "Boaz," there seems to be nothing to indicate their presence on the talisman. The left-hand pillar at the entrance of King Solomon's temple had the name "Boaz" inscribed on it, because Boaz was the husband of Ruth and the great-grandfather of David. The import of the word is "Strength." The left-hand pillar was called "Jachin," who is traditionally supposed to have been High Priest during the reign of King Solomon, and at the time of the dedication of the Temple.[1] The meaning of the word "Jachin" is "to establish"; and no doubt it was a happy circumstance, which was probably due to the literary genius of Solomon, that the Hebrew words written on the pillars of the main entrance of the temple should bear the meaning "Establish in Strength." We have, moreover, a symbol, traditionally well known, consisting of the letter "M" to symbolise these two pillars of the Temple; for the letter "M,"

[1] See 1 Kings vii. 21, and 2 Chron. iii. 17.

if widely spread out, shows two columns with a carpenter's square between them. Thus, magically interpreted, the letter "M" would mean "Established in Strength and Rectitude," for of the last-named virtue the square is always the emblem. Still, it must be admitted that the three "M's," which appear upon the parchment, have no pretence to imitate the symbolical "M," but are on the contrary in an especially cursive character, and, in our opinion, are much more likely to refer to the Archangel Michael than to any characters in the Old Testament.

We have given no explanation of the capital "E" in blue, with a red ball coming from it at the foot of the upper Christian emblem, and we are unwilling to accept the explanation given by Planchette that it refers to "Eleazar," although it is true that a noted sorcerer of that name lived in the time of Vespasian. We think it much more likely to stand for "Eones," a Gnostic corruption of the Greek word "Aionas," meaning "Ages," and intending to signify that the work of Christ on earth, symbolised by the blue colour of the letter, was to endure for ever, and, in fact, that his "soul

should not be left in hell, nor his flesh see corruption."

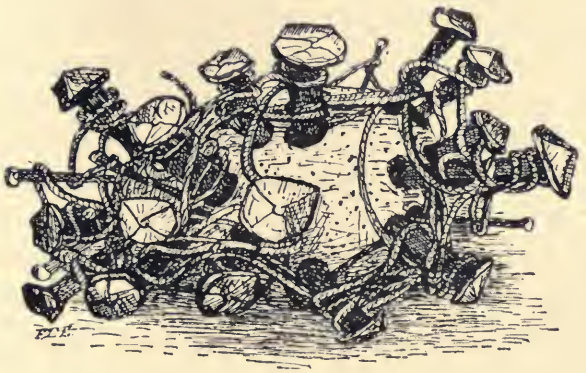
The red pillar ejecting the blue ball is much more likely to represent "Demas," the traditional name of the penitent thief,[1] than any Old Testament character, and the more so that "Jachin" was esteemed by the Gnostics to personify the female principle, and would thus have been essentially out of place on Calvary.

To sum up this document, we believe it to be a tracing of a much more ancient incantation, issued, to judge by the character of the handwriting, in the early part of the present century. We consider that in it the astrological and the Christian have been carefully blended, and that although the interpretation given may be amplified and improved, it will be found that the ultimate rendering of the riddle will be somewhat on the lines laid down by ourselves.

And with this reflection we leave the talisman to the study and consideration of our readers.

[1] According to the Arabic *Evangelium Infantiae*, Demas defended the Infant Jesus from the malice of the second thief during his flight into Egypt, and the Lord then, as a recompense for this service, predicted to His mother what would happen to these two persons thirty years afterwards on Golgotha.

When our friend, Mr. Frederick Elworthy, was preparing his valuable book, *The Evil Eye*, to which we have already referred, he happened to be in Naples, and consulted us as to the similarities existing between the witchcraft superstitions which he had traced



No. 7.

up in England and those which exist in Italy. We were able to show him a curious specimen of what is called here a *Fattura della Morte*, or "death charm"; and he was good enough to have a block done of it for his book, and to insert a short memorandum of its history, which we had prepared for him.

He has now added to the obligation by

allowing us the use of the block, and permitting us to relate the story. We do so without hesitation, because so authentic a Neapolitan story deserves to find a place in a book on Naples, and the more so when the author had a direct share in the discovery.

It is the custom of the lower class of witchcraft, or perhaps all witches have always been of the lower class, to compass some evil to their victims, and often to contrive their death. A common way to accomplish this end, more direct ways being out of the question, is to take some object and pierce it through with some sharp instrument, the object being intended to represent the heart of the victim. This done, appropriate incantations are used, the fictitious heart is almost carbonised over a slow fire, and is placed as near to the intended victim as circumstances will allow.

In the present instance the article chosen to represent the heart of the victim was a common Neapolitan green lemon, a variety of the fruit not exported to England, but very frequently met with here.[1] It is much smaller than an

[1] See *Naples and the Camorra*, by Charles Grant, pp. 162, 168. Macmillan, London, 1896.

ordinary lemon, quite green, even when fully ripe, and full of the most delicious juice, so that it will stand the action of fire better than an ordinary lemon could be expected to do. This fruit was pierced with thirty-two clout-headed nails, such as are used in this country for fastening down carpets, and four ordinary French nails were thrown in, to make sure that the charm should not fail in its effect. A quantity of string was twined round each nail, in order to make certain that these should not lose their relative positions; and the object, when thus prepared, was placed by some evil-intentioned person on the top of one of the curtain valances in the house of Mr. William Smith, an English merchant of this city, in the year of grace 1892.

Owing to the amount of dust which blows into our houses through our open windows all the summer, we are obliged to submit to an autumn as well as to a spring cleaning, and for that purpose an upholsterer and his myrmidons are called in twice annually to take down all curtains, and other dust-collecting objects, clean them, and put them up again. It was in the course of one of these domestic

purifications that the lemon was discovered on the top of Mr. Smith's valance, for in our lofty houses the top of the windows is quite out of the reach of the most enterprising housemaid, and Neapolitan housemaids are not noted for that quality, and the object having been brought to Mrs. Smith, was very kindly sent on by her to us, as she knew that we took a considerable interest in modern Neapolitan folk-lore. We had at the time a very old man who was serving us as cook; a man quite of the most ignorant class of Neapolitan, to whom we must acknowledge our indebtedness for many explanations of queer local customs; and on asking him what the thing was, he laid down his sauce-pan, and with a livid face inquired who had dared to send such a thing into his master's house. He proceeded to inform us that these things were made by all-powerful witches, who uttered incantations over them while they put them over a brazier, dancing naked round the impious fire, till the charm was ready to impart its deadly effect to the object of their fascination! Nothing would induce him to remain even with "Our Excellency," unless

the object was sent forthwith out of the house. Here the initial difficulty began, for the man had been cook to a British colonel, long resident in Naples, who had brought him up in the way in which he should go, and we were not inclined to part with him lightly. He had also been at sea, and it is a very great convenience when one lives on the seaboard, and is fond of sailing, to have a cook of whom one may be quite sure when one takes friends out for a sail. Balancing the exigencies of the case, we determined to copy the object, and having done so, gave it to our cook to roast over his charcoal fire, assuring him that as this specimen had not been cursed by the witches, it involved him in no risk to follow our orders. The original was sent to the Pitt-Rivers Museum at Oxford as a loan exhibit, where it now is. As far as we are aware, the Museum has suffered no damage from its presence, but this has been wittily explained by Mr. Balfour, the energetic Curator, by the fact that it has been put into a case with many objects of the same description, with the result that they neutralise one another's action, and that the resultant force

upon the roof, walls, contributors, and visitors to the Museum, has not yet been apparent.

The old cook, who had been a lifelong resident in Mergellina (in his youth a fishing village at the outskirts of the town, but now an integral part of the city itself), told us a curious story of Mergellina witchcraft.

We will give it in his own words :—

Some years ago when I was young, there lived an important witch in Mergellina. Whatever she wished was sure to come to pass. Upon one occasion she was consulted by a young woman who stated that her lover had been unfaithful to her. The witch at once promised her a full revenge, and the necessary money having been produced, she promised her to bewitch a pig which should dog the footsteps of her beloved, and make it impossible that he should get into any mischief. Unfortunately, or fortunately perhaps, the lover was an enthusiastic sportsman, and having observed that he was being followed (or as we should say in modern language "shadowed") by a pig, his suspicions became aroused, and he thenceforward made it a habit to carry his gun on his shoulder. One evening he was walking up the street still called "Santa Maria in Portico" intending to visit lady No. 2 who lived in a "basso" in that locality. To his surprise the pig which had always followed him at a respectful distance, preceded him, and after pushing open the door of the "basso" stood at bay inside. He lifted his gun to his shoulder and on the approach of the beast shot him full in the face. Nothing deterred, the pig charged him

furiously, and damaged him so severely that he was compelled to go home, repent of his sins, and return, as the witch had predicted, to his own true love.

We tell the story as it was told to us, for "Angelo," the cook in question, is of blessed memory, and may perhaps be discussing the merits of the question with the spirits of the witch, the lover, and both the young ladies.

CHAPTER IX

AN OLD-WORLD JOURNEY

In these days when Italy is the winter playground of Europe, it has occurred to us that it will be interesting to reproduce the diary of what was called in those days "The grand tour," as made by an ancestor of our own, who was born in 1738, and died in 1817. The diary has never been yet published, though the original of it has been in the possession of our family ever since it was written. Mr. Edmund Rolfe, of Heacham Hall, Norfolk, was very well known in the squirearchy of the county, and served as High Sheriff of Norfolk in 1769, ten years after this diary was written. We have thought it better to leave the archaic strain severely alone, as the meaning of the writer is quite intelligible, and the antique spelling forms rather a set-off than otherwise to the quaintness of the narrative.

EDMUND ROLFE, ESQ., OF HEACHAM HALL, NORFOLK

Born 1738, died 1817. High Sheriff of Norfolk 1769.

From the portrait at Heacham Hall.

It will be seen by this diary that Mr. Edmund Rolfe, at that time just twenty-one years of age, was a man of intelligence and culture, and it is reported of him that he was well known in most of the Courts in Europe. It is not, however, our intention to write his biography; we merely wish to reproduce his diary for the entertainment of our readers.

Continental Diary of Edmund Rolfe Esq. of Heacham Hall Norfolk.

[Born 1738. Died 1817.]

"On Thursday Aprill the 12th 1759. I sayled from Harwich at noon, and arrived at Helvoetsluis about 9 o'clock the next morning. As there were in the Paquet Boat several English officers going to the army in Germany, we hired a boat to carry us and our Bagage up the Maese to Rotterdam, on the assurance of the Bargeman that we should be there about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. After having put our things on board, the fellow (notwithstanding that we had agreed on the price, and payed him the money beforehand,) refused to carry us unless we would give him something more,

nor would he give us back our money; this imposition however we put up with rather than be delayed, or have a dispute where we were not known. We set out about 11 o'clock in the morning, but instead of being at Rotterdam at the time promised us, we found it was not possible to be there before 12 at night. The desire I had to get on Terra firma made me put on shore, and hire a kind of a chaise to carry us there, and after some difficulty we arrived at Rotterdam, about 6 o'clock in the evening. On the 17th I left Rotterdam and went to Torgan in our way to Amsterdam there I lay'd,[1] and the next day saw the painted windows, for which a Church there is very famous; at noon I went to Amsterdam in a Trekschuit,[2] a way of travelling I had much heard talk of, but it was far from pleasing me, for although you are sure to be at your place of destination in half an hour, still the slowness of the motion and the sameness of the prospect tired me, and I vow'd I would never get into another. On the 21st I went to The Hague, where I met with all kinds of Civilities from

[1] An expression commonly used in the Norfolk dialect for to "sleep."
[2] A barge drawn by horses.

Mr. Yorke, his Majesties Minister, to him I had Letters to desire he would endeavour to get me a Passeport to go through France. He told me the Thing was not to be done, but advised me to go to Brussels to Mr. Cobenral, prime minister to Prince Charles.[1] I left The Hague on the 27th, and went to Rotterdam to joyn Mr. Dundas, who had been to see his Father at Utrecht, who had come from Munster the Head Quarters of Prince Ferdinand's[2] army to meet him. I found him there as was our appointment, and after staying two or three days there, on the 1st of May at about 7 o'clock in the evening, we hired a Yatch, and went by water to Antwerp, where we arrived the next day, after having crossed the Zericree and run up the Scheld. Antwerp is a fine old town but much depopulated since the decrease of its Commerce. Cardinal Bentivolio in his history of the Flemmish War says,[3] "che Amsterdam dopo Anversa in quel tempo era la piu mercantile piazza di Fiandra," what a

[1] Prince Charles of Lorraine, brother to the Emperor, who commanded Maria Theresa's army.

[2] Duke of Brunswick.

[3] Amsterdam after Antwerp was at that time the most commercial place in Flanders."

difference is there between them at present. We stayed there I am sorry to say but one day, and on the 4th of May arriv'd at Brussells. We followed the advice Mr. Yorke gave us, and obtained with the utmost ease a Passport to go through Loraine and the Franch Comte, on our Way to Swizerland. Here it was I met with a Capuchin, who said his name was Jarningham, a nephew of Sr George's it was he who gave me the first news of Captn Orme and Miss Townshend's being at Antwerp. On the 15th of May, we set out for Lausanne, the first day we passed Namur, on the fourth Luxembourg, and in three days more ran through France, Post, passed by Besançon, and arrived safe at the place of our destination, without the least Inquietude, or even so much as having our passports asked for but once which was in the forest of Luxembourg.

"Lausanne is a Town in the Canton of Berne, it is governed by a Baylife who is chosen out of the Counsel at Berne. The time of his Stay is generally 6 years, this is a place that every one has in his turn by Seniority, *i.e.* either this or another Bayliage, for there are several which belong to this Canton. The Swiss

threw off the yoke of the house of Austria, and erected several little republics, and it was by the Treaty of Westphalia 1648, that they were declared free and independent. The Town of Lausanne is situated on the side of a hill, at the bottom of which is the lake of Geneva, which is a prodigious fine piece of water, about 90 miles in circumference, and in several places about 15 broad, which breadth appears very small on account of the high mountains of Savoy on the other side. The greatest part of the hill on which Lausanne is placed, is very fruitful, that part which lays near the Towns is cultivated for vines, which make a very considerable part of the Revenue of the inhabitants, it is a small kind of Wine something like the Moselle, and has not a body enough to pass the sea even so far as to England. The Town of Lausanne is governed by its own Magistrates, quite independant of the Baylife, who is only there from the Counsell of Berne, to levy the Taxes, inspect in to their Preveleges, and to see that no disturbances are fomented by the inhabitants, etc. The Swiss have no standing forces, except some few Regiments, which are in the service of France,

or of Piedmont. The Militia here is very well regulated, every man here knows the use of Arms, and most of the gentlemen have served in foreign service. Every man before he's maryed, is obliged to buy an uniform, and inregister himself as a man of the Militia, ready to go on duty as soon as he receiveth orders for that Purpose. In all parts of Swizzerland except about Lausanne, and along the Lake to Geneva, German is the Language of the Country, even 5 miles north from Lausanne, French is not known. This place has been chosen by the English on account of the inhabitants speaking good French, and the Politeness with which they receive strangers amongst them. Most of the Families are of French Extraction who have left France on account of their Religion. It is the Resort of People who have but small Incomes, and who are willing to retire and live at their ease, the cheapness of the place, and the orders to forbid all kinds of Luxury make a small fortune sufficient to support a Family better here than in most other places. The number of Foreigners and of English Men in particular who have been at this Place for these last 20 years, have

occasioned Masters in almost all Sciences to come and settle themselves there, but there is no regular Accademy. As the People have no Commerce they are consequently very poor, and on that account the Legislator has wisely forbid all sorts of public entertainments, such as Plays, Operas, balls, etc., all gold or silver lace, all lace for ruffles, all Jewells are likewise forbid to be wore by the natives, but instead of Diamonds, the Women make use of la Pierre de santé, which takes a very fine Polish, with which they make Buccles, and Egrets for their Hair, the other part of the women, as well as the men's dress, is taken from the French. Here it was I spent the remainder of the year 1759, and a part of the next; during the winter we, being many English Gentlemen together, endeavoured to enliven the Place as much as possible. We gave Balls once a week, for about three months, the Inhabitants were so sensible of our endeavouring to procure them an amusement their circumstances would not allow them to procure themselves, they strived by all possible means to show us their Gratitude, which they did in amusing us as well as they could, and in giving us free access to their

Houses on all Occasions. The winter was spent in a continuous course of Pleasure; in the Spring Lt. Fitzmorris went to join the allied army, and others went to Italy. About the middle of April, Fox, Tucker, and myself hired a House La Chablière, about a mile from Lausanne, the most beautiful situation in nature. The Duke of Roxburghe and Mr. Smythe, whose acquaintance I was so happy as to make at Lausanne, and with whom I had passed the winter, hired another house not far from ours, we lived much with one another in the most agreable manner, till I was obliged to leave Swizerland and go to Turin. During my stay in that Country I made the Tour of the Lake of Geneva, it is not very curious, but agreable enough, the Salinés of which the famous Dr. Haller is governor, are some miles beyond Vevay, they are cut of a rock in the side of a mountain, the Passages run several 100 yards, and have been a work of much trouble, but I believe the quantity of salt they produce does not exceed what is necessary for the consumption of the Country. On the Savoy side of the Lake is a Convent of Chartreux; the situation of this place is most delightful, and the horrid

bad Country I had passed thro' for three days before made it more particularly striking. The Park that belongs to the Convent is the most romantic Place I ever saw in my Life, it is well wooded, and has a fine view of the Lake, which it commands from Vevay to Geneva. As the Walks are not regularly disposed, nor too much adorned by any art, one seems to wander there as in an enchanted Place. The Gloominess of the Walks, the beating of the waves, heard at a distance, and the silence and solitariness inspire a melancholy; and that awe, which is supposed to reign in woods, and Gloomy Groves, is felt here in all its force, this I felt in a great degree; and I am sure that let a man be never so gay, to walk but some minutes here alone, he would find a calm melancholy steal upon his mind, and make him think seriously malgré lui. At that time I almost envied the happiness of the Fryars, and almost thought their situation preferable to ours. The number at Chartreux is 12 with a Fryar, it is a very strict order, they never eat meat of any kind, not even when they are absolutely in want of it, as by sickness. Fruits, Eggs, Herbs, butter,

and Cheese, and Fish, are what they live on; they wear no Linnen and are not allowed to speak, or go out of the Convent but twice a week, and that but into the Park; each Man has his Apartment detached from the rest, and each has a little garden, which he cultivates, and every Person is at Liberty to work at any Business he pleases, to amuse himself, and the necessaries are procured him at the Public expense. There are some who turn, others draw, some do one thing, and some another. Victor Amedous the 8th and first Duc of Savoy, after having resigned his Dukedom, was made Pope, and then tired with that dignity, retired to this Convent of Rippail, where he dyed; he was called the Solomon of his time. As all these people are of very good Families, they are very polite, and most of them have been Men of the World. Amongst the rest was one who told me he had been an Officer in the French Guards until the age of 24, that a Love Affair had made him from the most dissipated of all Mankind become a little serious, his mistress maryed another, he lost all relish for Pleasure. He endeavour'd by reading to calm himself, but at last tired with

the Vanities of the World, and all its follies, he became a Chartreux, that he had been above 20 years of the Order, and that till then he never knew what was true Happiness.

"After having left Lausanne, I went to Geneva, a city where I had several times been, it is almost on the same account as Lausanne, a kind of resort for foreigners, but as it is a Town of great Trade, the best company is more difficult to make acquaintance with here than at the other place; but even here a Foreigner that shows any great Inclination to be introduced, might with a very little trouble get into the best Company. Some Irregularities a few years since, committed by the English Gentlemen, have made the Inhabitants more careful who they admit among them, besides this they are more in private Parties, or what they call coteries now, than they were some time agon. Geneva is situated on the west end of the Lake, the Rhone which takes its source in the Grisons and enters at one end, passes at the other directly through the Town of Geneva. The Town itself is handsome and well built, that is, the upper part, as to the lower, which lies along side of the

Lake, it is but inhabitated by the Tradesmen. The greatest Part of the Trade of this Place is in Watches and Bi-jous, of which they send vast numbers to France and England, there is computed not to be less than 6000 hands in this Place, whose sole employ is in making Watches, the number of the inhabitants not being counted to exceed 30,000.

"From hence I set out on the 25 of August to go to Turin, I crossed the Alps en Voiture, I passed by Aix, a place famous in these Parts for the warm baths, of Sulphur one, and another of Allum, they are much frequented by people in Savoy, and in Switzerland. I passed by Chamberry, the Capital of Savoy, but where there are few remains of Royalty, the people being most immensely poor. The Town is not Fortifyed, nor does it pretend to make any kind of Defence, but opens its gates to the first comers. On the 5th Day we crossed Mont Senis on Mules; we got to the top after riding about an hour, and then came on a very fine Plain which lasted about 5 miles, we then descended on the other side, and were carried down by two men, in a Chair as far as the foot of the mountain to

Novallis.[1] We lay that night at Sura,[2] a Town remarkably strong by nature, as well as by Art, it is on a very high hill and there are intire bastions cut out of the solid rock. At Sura there is an ancient triumphal Arch, reckoned a fine piece of Workmanship. On the 6th day we arrived at Turin, the Capital of Piedmont and residence of the king of Sardinia. The Town of Turin is of square form, about three miles of Piedmont in circumference, it is well Fortified, and secured by a Cittadel which is very formidable by its great quantity of mines; this cittadel was built by Emanuel Philibert 10th duke of Savoy, it was the first in Europe that was built, and was finished two years before that of Antwerp was begun, which was founded on the plan of this of Turin in the year 1564. In this Cittadel they talk much of a remarkable Well, which is contrived so that the Cavallery may go down to drink, and come up by a different staircase, so that no inconvenience may arise from the horses meeting one another. When this place was beseiged in the year 1706 by the French, this well was much damaged, and

[1] Novalesa. [2] Susa.

has not since been put in any repair. The Town of Turin is remarkable for the uniformity of its Buildings, and the streets being all drawn at right angles, so that you can see at the end of every street the open Country, which makes the place more airy, and gives it a look of the Country. The King's Palace is an old Building, but it is very magnificent, or rather elegant in the inside, it is reckoned that few Soveraigns in Europe are lodged with more taste and Comodity than the king of Sardinia, he has a very fine colection of Pictures, which has been augmented during these last twenty years by the colection of Prince Eugene, which was esteem'd by the Connoisseurs as containing some very fine Pieces, and particularly some by the best Flemish Masters. The Palace of the Prince of Piedmont which is not far from the King's, is reconned a fine Piece of Architecture, it was built by D. Philip Govara, at the expense of the Mother of Victor Amadeus, in the year 1720. It was formerly the boundary of the city to the south, before the street of the Po was built, this ancient part was built by Amadeo 8. in 1416.

"The royal Theatre has a communication with the Palace by a long Gallery, it is reckoned one of the most complete in all Italy, and is much admired for its magnificence, and its conveniences, it is in the Shape d'un Oeuf tronqué, has six rows of Boxes all of the same size, the King's Box which is in the Front, has the size of about five others in length and breadth, and about two in height, this appears a disproportion, and is so, but the Number of Nobility to whom his Majesty is willing to give Boxes, obliges him not to take up too much room for his own. There is behind the Stage a Conveniency by a winding back staircase of bringing up horses and carriages on the Stage, as likewise have they by the means of a wooden machine that lets down, the advantage of lengthening the stage 40 feet.—In the year 1761, I saw a Battle on the Stage of Turin, in which was a squadron of about 60 horse, which attacked and retreated, as regularly as in a feild, the Opera was Tigrannes.—Close by the Theatre is the Academy, it was founded by Charles Emanuel the second, for the education of his nobility, and also for the reception of Foreigners, who

come here to learn their exercises. It is through this Academy that all the Nobility of the country pass, before they can have any place, or in the army or at Court. It is divided into three different classes, the first is for foreigners, who come here for the learning their exercises, the second is for those of the Country, who are of a certain age, and who have passed through the third, which is like a School composed of boys, who learn Latin and the common education that is given to children.

"The University here is well provided with able men to give Lectures to the Students in all Branches of Literature. They are Pay'd by the King; here is a good collection of Manuscripts, and some very good Antiques, that have been found in and about Turin, are here preserved. The Piedmonteze Language is a mixture of French and Italian; as it is not reduced to any Grammar, but is nothing but a Jargon, it is of no other use but in conversation, in which it is sometimes very expressive and carries a force with it beyond another language. All the public Lectures, Sermons, Pleadings, Accounts, the business

of all offices is done in Italian, except the Business of the Secretary of State's offices, which is in French.

"French is what is spoke in almost all public Assemblies, but very little Italian is known, at least made use of, for as most of the Business is transacted in this Tongue, it is to be supposed that none of the Inhabitants can be ignorant of it. The general character of the men of this Country is not of the most advantagious, they are looked on as Sharpers everywhere, great Gamesters, and not much to be trusted in any respect, they are very far from wanting good natural parts, but in general they are very illiterate. An English Gentleman had his snuf-box taken out of his Pocket, he immediately sent to the Governor of the Police to inform him of it, and to describe it, at the same time offering a reward for it as being a thing he should be sorry to loose; the answer he received was this, 'Sir, if it is an *Escroc* who has stole your box, perhaps you may recover it, but if it is *un Homme comme il faut*, depend on it you'll never see it again.' This proves what an opinion even the Governor had of the people

of Fashion of this Country, to think that they could be capable of giving room for such a suspicion to fall upon them. A proof of the ignorance of some of the people of quality, of this Country, is that when the Squadron under the Command of Monsr De La Clue was attacked by Admiral Boscawen, and one division destroy'd, in passing through the Straights of Gibraltar a Gentleman at Court say'd he was surprized that the French Admiral instead of going through the Gut, to go to America did not take another Route.

"The Women are lively and very agreeable after they have been a little formed in the World, Galantry is pretty much in vogue here, but more privately than in the rest of Italy. The Girls here are put into a Convent at the age of 7 years old, and there they stay until they are to be marry'd, they seldom see the man who is to be their Husband but once or twice, before the Wedding day. Conveniency rather than inclination, is sort after in the Matches of this Country. After that the Women are married they then have every thing to learn, such as Dancing, Music, and the chief thing to which they apply themselves

in the Convent is to study their Religion, of which they generally get such a surfeit as never to practice it afterwards.

"As the Court of Turin is rather devout than gay, a very few diversions were there during the Carnival, the Opera Serieux was the only *Spectacle*, there were three Balls at Court but very small private ones, and were held in the King's Closet of Audience. The Order of Balls is, the Duke and Duchess of Savoy come in, and dance a Minuet, then the Duke of Chablais and the first Princess, the Prince of Carignan and the second Princess, and the third Princess with the first Ecuyer. Then come the Ecuyers, then the Acadamicians, and then the Gentlemen of the Court. Between the Minuets they dance two English Country Dances, and so the Thing continues, it begins at 6 o'clock, and ends exactly at 10.

"On the Thursday in the Holy Week, the King washes the feet of thirteen poor boys, wipes them, and kisses them, after which he puts a piece of money in each of their purses, they are clothed at his expence, and each boy has a dinner of the finest Fish that can be had from all the Countrys adjacent, which the King

himself serves up and puts upon the Table. In the Evening of that Day as well as the next, there are Processions, in which is exposed the Passion of our Saviour which is followed by People, who do Penance, some carry great Crosses, and drag heavy chains, others have their arms extended and tyed to two sticks, others whip themselves with wire whips, till they have no skin left, and till they are all covered with Blood; this is the only Catholic Country where this is allowed of, and here if these fellows could be catched from the Procession they would be severely punished, there having been several endeavours used to put a stop to this Custom but without success. These Processions may last about 4 hours; on this day the King and all the royal Family go a foot to visit seven Churches, they stay about 15 minutes in each, and then return to the Palace.

"Not far from Turin on a Hill called the Superga, is a Church, and a Monastery, it was built by Victor Amadeus, the Architect was D. Phillips de Giovarra, it was begun in the Year 1715, and finished 1739. It is dedicated to the Nativity of the Vergin Mary. It was

from this hill that Victor Amadeus along with Prince Eugene reconnoitered the French Army when they beseiged the City of Turin in the year 1706. Here it was they resolved to attack them on the next day, and the plan was agreed on, Victor Amadeo made a vow that if he were successful in delivering his Capital, that he would on this spot of Ground build a Convent. The number of Religious is 12 with a Superiour, they are of no particular Order, but are dedicated to the Study of Divinity, and when they leave this Place, it is always for some Benifice of Importance. They have a very fine Chappell, where the Body of Victor Amadeus lies in State still (Victor Amadeus is not interred, but only lies in state, it not being the Custom here to bury a King until his Successor is dead) some rooms for the reception of the King, a very good Library, and every other Convenience, but its situation is very unwholsome in Winter, by reason of the dampness. The Court has several Country Houses, but they are all neglected except La Venerie, where the royal Family passes some months in the Spring. The house is not at all uniform, as there has been continually additions made to it, here is a

Gallery which will when finished be very fine, the Orangerie is esteem'd a very fine Piece of Architecture. The Chappell is very fine and enriched with some very good Pictures. Stupinio is a Hunting seat of the King's, here is a House which is nothing more than two or three very small rooms, besides the large Hunting Hall; this is built by Dom Philip de Giuvarra as well as the Orangery at the Venerie.

"On the 5th. of September 1760, I went to Parma to see the Mariage of the Princess with the Archduke, of Austria, we passed by Alexandria, and Placentia in our Way thither. The Concourse of Strangers was not so numerous as was expected. The Suite of Prince Lichtenstein was formed of some of the first nobility from Vienna. The Court was very brilliant on the occasion, there was a very fine Opera every night, two grand Balls at Court, and some Fireworks, of which the Design was very noble, but the bad Weather that we unluckily had that evening, hinder'd their succeeding so well as was hoped. The Entry of the Prince was very magnificent, the equipages, Liveries, etc., were extremely rich; the Cerimony lasted about 15 days, after which

time, we returned to Turin by the Road of Milan, where I stay'd but one day; here I passed the Winter at the Academy, and in April 1761 set out for Vennice.

"On the 15th of April I arrived at Milan which is 11 Posts distance from Turin. In the Piedmonteze State as well as in the Milanese, one pays 7 livrs 10 sols for each pair of Horses, and 2 livrs 10 sols for each Saddle Horse, going Post, but if in Cambiature, one pays but 4 livrs 10 sols a horse. N.B. in the Milanese there is no Cambiature, three Paoli to each Postillion. On the Road the most one ought to pay, except on extraordinary occasions, is six pauls for dinner, and eight for Supper, your room included.

"Milan formerly was much more populous than it is at present, there being, about 200 years since, near 300,000 souls, but the Plague has reduced the number to one third. The Inhabitants of Milan are extremely polite to Strangers, there are few or no Towns in Italy where so much Cordiality appears as here, and it suffices to have one letter, to someone of Consideration, to be presented all over Milan.

"The Duke of Modena who is Governor of

the Milanese makes his Court by his affability very agreable. His Revenue as Governor is about 15,000ls. Here are several Families very rich, and who live in the most superb manner, some very large Hotels, in particular that of Litta's and Clerici, which are fitted up in a very rich manner, and where there are two good Colections of Pictures. The Milanais are not looked upon as People of very sprightly parts, how far this is true I cannot determine, they are said to be fond of a good Table, and in everything love their ease. The Country about Milan is one of the finest and richest in all Italy, aboundantly provided with everything except wine, which they're obliged to have from other Countries.

"The Church at Milan was begun in the year 1386, and dedicated to the Nativity of the blessed virgin; this immense Gothic Building is not, nor in all Probability never will be finished. There is an estate left in the hands of Trustees for that purpose. The number of Statues that is to be in, and about this Church, when finish'd, amounts to 25,000, as yet there is but 11,000, from off the top of the Dome is the finest and richest view imaginable. In a little subteraneous

Chappel directly under the great Dome lies the Body of Chas. Borromeo, it is inclosed in a Coffin of Rock Cristal, inrich'd with Gold and precious Stones, he is dress'd in his Bishop's robe, and has in his hand a very rich Crosier, and a ring on his finger of great value. He was a Man of exemplary Piety and in the Time of the Plague assisted all those himself who were in the last extremity and exhorted the Priests to do the same. They tell a story, that being one day at Mass and having oft times repremanded in his Sermons a Society called the Miserali for the Licentiousness of their living, one of the Order came behind him and fired a Pistol, the ball struck at his skin, and only left a blue mark without doing him the least hurt; after his death he was made a Saint, and the Church was dedicated to him, from which time he is the patron of the Milan. The Treasury here is very rich in Jewells and plate, both of Gold and Silver. In a alley behind the Choir is a Statue of St Bartolomew flealed alive, it is esteem'd a very good one, the skin seems to hang over his shoulders. At the Church of St. Victor is an Altar Piece of different kinds of marbles which cost £5000, it is very well

worked, rich, and elegant. In the Refectory of the Convent of St. Marie des Graces is a famous Picture of the last Supper done by Leonardi Vinci, it is esteemed extreemely fine, it was spoyl'd by the moisture of the wall, so that nothing remain'd but a few shadows. The Superior of the Convent, seeing it in that condition, and not knowing the Master it was done by, had a Piece cut out of it, to heighten the Hall door, and the rest was covered with a white wash, it remained in that Situation until a Painter knowing that such a Picture ought to be there, and seeing the Condition it was in, took off the white wash and rubbed the Picture with a certain wash of his Composition, which imediately brought out the colours as at first; he left the receipt to the Convent, who rub the Picture with it once a year. In this Picture he began by painting the Apostles, and having exhausted himself in the expression of their heads, not finding any thing strong enough for the Christ, he left it unfinished. The Superior however plagued him to finish the Picture, and made his complaint of it to the Bishop. Leo De Vinci to revenge himself, made his Judas from the Superior, which figure also was unfinished.

The hand of one of the Apostles has five fingers and a thumb, but it was done as a Picture of one of the Order. In the Church of this Convent is the Crowning our Saviour with Thorns, by Titian. It is reckon'd fine, but it is now spoyl'd by the dampness.

"In the Ambrosian Library are two of Raphael's Cartoons, several pieces done by Bruguell a Flemmish Painter, amongst which are his four Elements, they are esteemed very fine, there are also several pieces of different Masters, but none capital ones. There is also a book of the designs of the different Masters of that time, it is curious; in the first room are some models of some Antique Statues; as likewise a modern Statue of a woman, very fine.

"The Hospital of Milan, though not in anything curious in itself, yet is unique in the extensiviness of its Charity, it is obliged to receive not only people of the Country, but also strangers, of whatever Country, or with whatever distemper afflicted. The number of sick, generally speaking, amounts to about 1000, who are all attended by a Physician and a Surgeon belonging to the place. It receives all Foundlings without distinction, the Boys are kept till

the age of 15, and the Girls until they are marryed, when they receive for their Portion 100 Livres of the Country; in the year 1761 the Hospital maintained about 11,000. The Lazeretto for keeping people in the time of the Plague, is a square Building about a mile and a half round, it has a little Church in the Square, and is intirely detached from the Town.

"The Theatre of Milan is larger than that of Turin, but not so good a Piece of Architecture, the Boxes however are very superb, and when the House is well lighted up, it makes a fine appearance.

"The great Convent of Chatreux at Pavia is remarkable for the richness of the Chapel, the front of which cost £40,000. All the Altars are prodigiously richly adorn'd with precious stones, and particularly the great Altar which is all studded with Rubies, Jaspers, amethists, and a great deal of Lapis Lasily, these without the workmanship which is prodigious, cost £20,000. It is adorn'd with good Pictures and some statues; but as to its situation it does not please me like that of Rippail. The Order is very rich, the Revenue amounts to £15,000.

"On the 23 of April I left Milan to go to Venise. Through all the Venetian State, the price of Post Horses is the same as in the Piedmontese, *i.e.* 7lvs. 10s. pr. pair, and 2lvs. 10s. each saddle horse, but with a *Bulton* you only pay half a Sequin for two horses one with another. I took Brescia in my road (from Milan to Brescia 7 posts) I only stayed there one day. There is nothing curious in the Town. Here are, however, some good Pictures, at *Santa Afra* is an excellent good one of Paul Veronese, which represents the Martyr of the St. to whom the Church is dedicated, there are also several of Titian's and of other very famous Masters, in the Church of *San Lazaro* is a Resurrection of Titian's very fine and well preserved. Here in the Churches are a great many other Pictures done by the best Hands. It is better stocked than most of the Towns of its size, but my Time would not let me stay long enough to regard them all. The 25th I arrived at Verona, having passed through a very fine Country, which I could not see so much as I wished because of its being so rainy. We passed by the *Lac de*

Guarda, which is a fine Piece of Water, but much inferior to the *Lac de Geneva.* The *Lac de Guarda* formerly called *Benaco* by Virgil, and even in his time remarkable for being Tempestuous, was when I passed by it, excessively so, and put me in mind of the description that Virgil gives of it

"Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens Benace marino

for it roars like the sea, is allmost always boisterous, and its navigation very dangerous. It abounds with excellent fish. At Verona I only stayed one day, which was an intire one of Rain, however I saw the famous Amphitheatre or *Arena*, though at the prize of being quite wet to ye skin. The Inside is quite intire and contains 23,000 spectators. The grandure of this Edifice shows you the magnificence of the Ancients, and makes at the same time our modern Buildings so mean and little, when put in comparison with them. It is oval, and has 45 gradins, or Stone Benches on which the Spectators sat at a proper distance from one another. Its Construction for letting in and out such a number of Persons, without the one interrupting the

other is very ingenious, and convenient. When I was there, I saw a sight ridiculous enough, and which served to show me more than anything else the difference between Verona in the time of the Romans and Verona à Présent. They had in one part of the arena built a Stage for an Italian Comedie, the Gradins served for Benches to the Spectators, as formerly, so that the Stage was built of wood, and covered with an Oyl Cloak, all the Inhabitants of Verona that chose to see the Comedy, were in that little space sufficiently at their ease, and in the other part of the Amphitheatre was contain'd all the Equipages of the Nobility. It is impossible to concieve how little and despicable the Comedy and its Apparatus appear'd in that magnificent Place. The Churches here are not so well furnished with good Pictures as those of Brescia. St. George has one of Paul Veroneze which represents the refusal of that Saint to adore the Idols, it is a very good one and well preserved; there are some others of that Master in the same Church. In the Cathedral is an Assomption of the Virgin by Titian a very good one but it is much spoyl'd since

the time Cochin saw it. Here are several Cabinets of Pictures, which are much esteem'd as being Curious and well stored with excellent pieces. The Conte Bevilagua has some good things of Paul Veroneze. The Marquis Gerardini and the Cabinet of Moscardi, are much valued. The Theatre of Verona pleased me much, it is not very large but appears very convenient, is neat and snug. I have seen few which I like so well; how it is for the Voices, which is the main article I cannot say. At Vicenza and Padua I stayed but to change horses as I was in a Hurry to get to Venice, and as I could more conveniently see them at my return. At Padua I took a Barge and went down the Brenta to Venice. I was very well pleased at that water expedition. The sides of the Brenta are lined with Palaces which belonged to Venetian Nobles most of which are pretty and elegant; some are built by Paladio in which is evident that Master's excellent taste, amongst the number of which is one call'd the *Malcontento*, because when it was built its situation was most delightful, but at present they having changed the Course of the River, the house is in a *Marais*.

"The Palace Pisani is large and *commode*, the gardens are pritty enough, but as to Architecture it is but bad. On the evening of the 28th I arrived at Venice; at some distance it appears like a floating town. It is situated on a number of small Islands or rather small Sand Banks, which are carried into the Adriatic by the streams of the different Rivers that fall into that part of it. The Foundations of the Buildings are secured by Piles of Wood that are driven into the mud, so as to hinder its giving way. Most of the buildings as well public as particular, are built of Marble, which they draw from Greece in great quantities, here are seen great remains of ancient Wealth and Power, and even now, although since their decrease of Trade, the Venetians in general are far from rich, they are very fond of Architecture, indeed the Sumptuary laws, which are very rigorous in Venice, hinder them from spending their money in dress or Equipage, so that what they have more than is sufficient for their necessary Expences, they can hardly dispose of any other way than in Building, this and Pictures is the only Expence they seem

to give in to, at least to any degree. Here is the Place where Works of Titian, Tintoretto, Bassano, are to be seen in the greatest perfection, as well as Paul Veroneze, of this last Master, are to be found here some of his very best Pieces. One in the *Sacristie* of St. Zachary, which is admirable. In St. John and Paul, a Church belonging to the Dominicains is a Picture of Titian's representing the Martirdom of St. Peter, and in the *Refectoir* of the same Church, is a Picture of P. Veroneze, one of his finest, it is the repast of J. C. with the Levite, the same as is in the Refectory of the *Madona Della Manta* at Vicenza. The Church of St. Sebastian is almost all full of P. Veroneze his works. In the Refectoire of St. George is another repast of our Saviour done by P. Veroneze, there were four of these repast Pieces of this Author at Venise, one of which was given to the King of France, his Figures are all *Portraits* of the most famous men of his time, he is esteem'd particularly for the richness of his draperies, for his admirable Composition, and the Majesty of his Figures, he was very fond of Architecture, and allmost

always put it into his Pictures, as well as some ridiculous Figure, such as a Monkey, a Cat, etc. There is hardly a Church in Venice but what has something good of his composition. The works of Tintoretto are very frequent here, but the best collection of them is in *Scola Grandedi S. Rocca.* Tintoretto is admired for the Warmth and Fire of his imagination and of his expression. It is remarkable that his best Pieces are those, with which he has taken the least pains, for by endeavouring to shine he does not give that loose to his Imagination, which makes him the most admired, and his pieces turn insipid, and cold. Here are in almost every Church some of Titian's Pieces, but in general they are very ill preserved, the best colection of this Master is in the Palace of Barbarigo, called *La Scola di Titiano.* The Venetian School is distinguished by the Beauty of its colours and the Boldness of desseign. Allmost all the Churches in Venise are in a good Taste, as to other architecture, it is here and in the Country about, that the famous Palladio has shown his Genious.

"There are at Venice a great number of his

Desseigns, both Public and Private, and for a lover of Architecture, here is perhaps more things worthy his observation, than in any other part of Italy. Paladio was of Vicenza, they tell a story of him which is, that being desirous of getting himself ennobled, the Nobles of Vicentia would not consent to it. In revenge of this, he inspired in them the rage of Architecture, and gave them such magnificent plans, that to put them in execution, must sooner or later ruin them. The Treasure of St. Mark is reckon'd very rich and worth seeing, but as there was so much fuss to get leave, as indeed there is in every thing else that belongs to the public, that I had not an opportunity to see it myself.

"The arsenal which is so much talked on, did not appear to me anything extraordinary, it is true that all the stores that the Republic has are gathered together and are kept there, there are arms for about 75,000 men, when the Arsenal is quite stocked which seemed to be very far from being the case then. I was told that they had sent indeed a great many away to Corfu, and to other places, for the Troops which the State was then raising to defend

themselves against the Turks, who were coming and against whom the Armament was desseign'd, was not then known. They have docks for 20 men of War to be built at a time, the docks are dry, and are cover'd too which is another advantage; at that time the Venetians might have about 35 Men of War of the Line, in and out of Comission; the number of Gondoleers at Venice amounts to near 20,000, besides every man there knows something, or more or less, of sea affairs. Venice itself has nothing to fear from an Ennemy, its situation makes an approach to it impossible for any ships of burden, except up certain Canals, which are marked out, and which marks on any Emergency they can pull up, so as to render the Navigation quite impracticable. The Venetian Land forces are very ill regulated, and are perhaps in the worst condition, of any power in Europe; they have on the establishment about 30,000 troops, but as they are never anything nigh compleat, at this present time I am assured that the number does not exceed 9000 at most, notwithstanding they are apprehensive of the Turk; nor is the pay of the soldier better regulated, than their number, for out of his whole pay, I

am assured he does not receive one third. The rest is swallowed up by the officers through whose hands those affairs pass. The Venitians are very jealous of anything being said, or against their Government or against their Religion. In every other article there is the utmost Liberty of acting, but in the above Articles they are very tender, and one touches them not without danger ; so apprehensive are they of any dessign being formed against the State, that no noble Venetian dares even stay a minute in the Company of a Foreign Minister, and if even by chance they meet with them in an indifferent House, they are obliged to leave it directly, and even go and declare it to a proper officer. This makes the Venetians keep very much together, and is the Reason that so little Society is going forward. It is on this account that no people are so fond of Masquing as these when they can give a little Freedom to their actions, for on taking up the mask, the consequence is, you lay aside the Noble Venetian. The Venetian masquing dress was given them by Michel Angelo, who was desired by the Senate to imagine a Dress proper for the Occasion. They are fonder of Operas than

any other of the Italians, for only on certain times are they permitted, and I imagine it is by the same principle of human discontent that they are very fond of the Country, because they are obliged to be at Venice ten months in the year. Here is a great deal of Gaming going on, as well as a great deal of Gallantry, but the latter mostly among themselves. . . . The Women are handsome, and are reckon'd witty; the men cunning and Libertins; Venice by way of its novelty pleases for some time, but it is not a place where Strangers divert themselves much except at public times, or that they stay long enough to make acquaintance with the Inhabitants, to do which, not only a Knowledge of the language is necessary, but also is it necessary to adopt their customs and their manners.

"On the 18th of May I left Venice and went to Padua, where I stayed two days; the Botanic Garden which belongs to the University is much talked of, and seems to be kept in good order. This University formerly so famous, is now falling to decay, there are at present few or no foreigners, the only Students are poor People belonging to the Venetian State. From

thence I went to Vicenza, where I stayed a week,—I amused myself very well, it being the Time of the Fair, and Masquing going on there, the same as at Venice. The People are poor, but very polite and courteous to Strangers. This is the Place where the famous Paladio lived and florish'd, he has given a great number of plans, but in all the Town of Vicenza there is but one house that is finished in his desseign, they were too extravagant but one sees all about the Country houses half finished on his plan ; as to Churches most of the modern ones are built by him, not only here, but also at Venice, and in other parts of the Venetian Territory. There is a Country Seat near the Town, built by him, which belongs to the Marquis Carpra, it is very elegant, nothing can be more so, but like all the Italian Country Houses, it is only fit to live in about three months in the year, it is known by the name of the Rotunda, there are two houses in England taken from this plan only more extended, and I hope more suited to the conveniency, which is necessary in an English Country House. Here is in this town his own house which is elegant as well as convenient, nothing is wanting

here, which can be found in the largest Palace notwithstanding it is so small, which shows that this Architect knew very well to mix convenience with taste when he chose it. What is the most curious here, is the *Theatre Olympique* which was built by the same person, it is such as the Ancients used in Greece, as much as he has been able to draw from the best authors. The Parterre is in the style of the arena at Verona. The Spectators sit on *gradins*, which is adorned with the most beautiful Colonade. The Stage itself is a representation of a Town all in *Staco*, the streets, houses, statues, all being made of the same materials, it is very pleasing as well as curious; formerly were acted here the Pieces of Sophocles, and Euripides. La Madonna della Monte which is a church situated on a hill near Vicentia, is a pritty building, to which you go up by a Colonade which is Staco from the bottom to the top which consists of near 200 arches. In the Refectory of this Church is a very famous Picture by P. Veronese, it is a Supper, in the Architecture according to his custom, is most incomparably fine. In Palazzo Vecchio are four pictures done by Luca Jordano, as well as

some other Pieces of different Persons, they pass for being worth seeing. In Santa Corona is an Adoration of the Kings by P. Veronese, and in St. Biagio is another picture of the same subject by Maffei. Sainte Catharine is a very pritty little Church, belonging to a Convent of Nuns. From thence I passed by Verona and Mantua in my road to Parma; in this latter hardly anything is to be seen, everything that was curious being carryed away to Vienna; its situation is in a Lake, and is well fortifyed; I arrived at Parma on the 27th of June.

"Here I stayed some time on account of the Opera, which for its decorations, music, and dancing, is generally one of the very best in Italy, as it is on the French Plan, all Burlesque dancing is excluded; and I make no doubt but if it continues some years on the same footing, that in Italy, the low dancing will only appear in the Opera Buffas; at present Parma seems to be an Academy for forming fine dancers, and may in a little time perhaps furnish Italy with the best dancers, as Paris does at present. Here almost everything is dearer than elsewhere; a Coach is paid

14 Paoli, and two Paoli to the man; even the entrance to the Theatre to a foreigner is threeten Argent de Piedmont, the Inhabitants pay but 15 sols of the same money. In the curious, here is not much to be seen; the great Theatre which was built by Vignoles partly on the ancient, and partly on the modern plan, is a fine piece of Architecture, it is the only one in Italy, except that of Paladio's at Vicenza, that has *Gradins* instead of Boxes; in the year 1517, here was represented a sea fight in the *Procenium*, between two Gondolas, the water, which was about 5 feet deep, was brought in by pipes for that purpose; it is so well contrived for hearing, that anything said however low on the stage, is heard distinctly all over the house, it is said capable of holding 12,000 persons, though I can hardly believe it, when I compare the difference between this and the Arena at Verona. In the Gallery is the famous Picture of Corregio, which is esteemed one of the best in Italy, and the finest that ever was done by this Master; the Subject is the Vergin with the Infant in her Arms, the Magdalene kissing his feet, and St. Jerome and an Angel on the other side. The Cupola of the Dome is peint'd

by Corregio, but it is quite spoyl'd. In St. Jean are two Pictures by the same Master, which are esteemed fine, the one is the Martyrdom of a Fryar, the other which is the best, is Jesus dead, the Vergin dying, and the Magdalene. The Cupolo of this Church is done by Corregio, it is much better preserved than the other; both these Cupolo's are very much esteem'd by the Connoisseurs, but for to see them distinctly, as they are very high, one must have better eyes than myself. In St. Sepulcre is another capital piece of this Master; it is well preserved, a thing very rare in Churches.

"In Parma is reckon'd about 45,000 souls, but I fancy it exceeds the number; in Plaisance 30,000, this last Town has been much depopulated since the last war. The Duke has no troops but two Batalions, which may amount to about 800 men. What he draws from his States here in Italy may amount to about £80,000 stirling. The Court however is polite and elegant, the Prince is affable, which not contributes a little to make the Court agreable, but as he is very fond of hunting, he resides as much as possible at Colorno, a Country

House about nine miles from Parma, it is not very elegant, great plans have been given for enlarging, and for beautifying it, but the want of cash, has I imagine been the reason they have not been put in execution.

"On the 13th of June (July ?) I set out from Parma, and got to Reggio. The Court of Modena makes this the place of their residence during the time of the Fair, here was a very good Opera, but not equal to that of Parma. The Town itself is but poor and ill built, here is nothing at all curious to be seen. From thence we went to Modena. The Palace of the Duke was formerly one of the best furnished with Pictures in all Italy, but he has sold to the King of Poland 100 of the very best, for about £50,000, which at present are all in the Galery at Dresden ; there are still two or three Pictures left which are done by the very best Masters, but no capital Pieces. The Cabinet which passes for being well worth seeing, we had not an Opportunity of looking at, as the man was not to be found. We arrived the same night at —— Bologna——

"For a Lover of Painting here is the Place where he'll find more to satisfy his curiosity

than in any other part of Italy. It is here the most famous painters have flourish'd, and what is still more, there is no place where the Pictures give so much pleasure as at Bologna, because they are nowhere so well preserved. Bologna is govern'd by a Legate from Rome, but it still preserves its ancient priveliges, according to the Capitulation it made with the Pope, not an Article of which has hitherto been infringed. What the Pope draws from this State is but a meer trifle, about 6000 Roman Crowns, which is raised on the wine. The number of inhabitants amounts to about 80,000, though I believe the number is a little exagerated. It is remarqued that there are more blind people here than in any other Town in Italy; what to attribute this to, is difficult, unless it is to the white walls and to all the buildings being faced with white stone, or perhaps the number of Painters that are in this Town, and who are continually at work may be the occasion of it. The number of Painters at present in Bologna, amounts to more than 200, all of which find means to subsist. This Town is not ill built, there are Arcades in all the streets, so that without being

touched by the rain, one can go all over the Town. The number of Churches here is very considerable, it exceeds 200 much, all of which have some very excellent pictures. The people here in general and the women in particular are much given to devotion, more so greatly than in the other parts of Italy.

"In the Academy of Sciences here, are given lectures in all branches of Knowledge in Anatomy, Chimistry, experimental philosophy, etc. In the first branch are designed in wax all the possible accidents that can happen in child Birth, by which young Practitioners may exercise themselves, either by seeing others, or by trying the different cases themselves. For the incouragement of Sculpture, Architecture, Painting, Designing, etc., Pope Ben: XIV. who was of this place, has sent to this Accademy the Models of the most famous Statues which are at Rome or Florence, as well as the Dimentions of the Columns or of the Buildings which are the most esteemed for their architecture. Here is a collection of Natural History, of Medals and of ancient curiosities. The Architect of this Building was Pelegrino Tibaldi, it is very elegant and

convenient. The whole may consist of about 18 chambers. The school of Bologna has produced Painters which are esteem'd amongst the most famous in Italy; the Master of which was the Caraches, they were the Fathers of Painting in this Town. Guido Rani, Dominicain, Guercino, Albani, are Painters which have formed this School and have rendered it as famous as Titian and P. Veronese did that of Venise. They say that in the Bologneze School there is much more variety than in that of Rome or Venice, for in these two last the Painters have confined themselves too much to the copying after Raphael and Titian, whereas here each famous painter has a manner or stile of his own, and which he has not taken from his Master. At St. Giovanne in Monte is a very famous picture of Raphael, the only one that's acknowledged for an original in this Town, there are several others which are said to be of this Masters, but they are not universally owned as such. The Subject of this is St. Cecilia, there are St. Paul, St. John, and several others. In the Palace Magnani is a Holy Family which they say is of Raphael's but which is not sure;

however it is a most excellent copy, if it is not an original. Dans le Palais Publique, in one room are three Pictures much esteem'd, one is Samson, who makes Water come out of the Ass his Jaw Bone, by Guido. A second represents several Saints who are the Protectors of the city of Bologna by the same Master; and the third is a St. John by Raphael, as they say. At the Church of St. Jiesu and Maria is a Picture of the Circumcision of our Saviour by Guercino; there is a very tender concern expressed in the face of the Virgin. St. Joseph is a fine Character. À la Chatreuse is a Picture of St. Brano kneeling before the Virgin by the same. Another capital Picture of this Master is in *St. Michel in Bosco*, which represents Bernard Tolomei, who receives the rules of the Order from the Virgin. At St. Agneze is the martyrdom of that Saint, by Dominichino, it is one of the best Pieces of this Master, and is well preserved. The face of the Saint expresses very well pain, and at the same time resolution. Another of this Master is in the Church of *St. Giovanne in Monte.* The Subject is *La Vierge du Rosaire.* These are the only two done by this man in Bologna,

for although of this School, he worked at Rome and Naples more than elsewhere.

A l'Eglise di Mendicanti di dentro are several capital Pieces, two of which are done by Guido; that over the Principal Altar is like two different Pictures, *en haut* is the Virgin, a dead Christ, and two Angels, and below is St. Charles and some others which are the Protectors of Bologna, who look up at it. If the Composition of this picture is not so good as it might be, or indeed as one would have expected it to have been from the Master, one must consider that the Superiour and the Convent gave the dessein and order'd Guido to execute it.

"The second is Job upon his Throne, after his misfortunes, to whom they bring presents, the Composition of this picture is admirable, the choice of the figures of different ages and sexes, is excellently varyed; this is one of the most esteem'd pieces of this Master. There is also an excellent Picture of Cavedone, which represents St. Petronio and St. Alo kneeling before the Virgin, the Infant, which are on the Top. This Master was of the School of Caraches, but who always painted

in the style of Titian. In this Church are several other pictures of the best Masters. At St. Bartholomy *di Porta*, beyond the great Altar, are three fine Pieces in fresque done by Franceschini and Cairi, they represent some part of the History of this St. and his death. Here is also a Annonciation by Albani, which is a very pleasing picture, but it is very much spoyled.

"It would be endless to take a particular description of all the capital pictures that are to be seen here, each palace and each Church having something or other that is almost inestimable. At St. Michel *in Bosco* is a Convent where are several fine paintings, and particularly a little court which is done by the most famous Masters of the Bolonese School. The situation is very delightful, the Prospect is rich and very extensive. Here is excomunication Threatned by the Pope to all Troops which on any pretence so ever dare to lodge in the Convent, notwithstanding which, last War the K. of Sardinia and the Germans successively lodged their soldiers there on Occasion, without finding any sensible effect of the prohibition. About a mile from town is a Convent of Chartreux;

here are some fine pieces. The Monks are lodged very comodiously. Here are some large Squares, surrounded with fine spacious Arcades. The Palace St. Pieri passes for the choicest collection of pictures of any Palace here in Bologna. Here are but four rooms, three of the Platfonds are painted by the three Carraches, and the fourth by Guercino. There is also a capital piece of each of these Masters, painted upon canvas. The Adultress is done by Augustin, *La Samaritane* by Annibal, and La Cananee by Louis, and by Guercino is Abraham putting away Hagar. Here is one of the best pieces of Albani, after his Four Seasons, which are in the Palace at Turin, several pictures of Guido, amongst which is *La Piscine Miraculeuse*, and the famous picture of St. Peter and St. Paul which is the master Piece of Guido, and as says *Cochin*, the best finished and the most Compleat picture in all Italy. Here are several others of note done by the best Masters of this School of Bologna. From Bologna I went to Florence after having staid there about three weeks. The road is all the way upon the Apennines and consequently not good, and more particularly we thought it not so, as on

account of the heats I travelled in the night, and arrived at Florence the 5th of July. I staid here but very few days, being desirus of picking up a little Italian, and for that reason went on the 12th to Sienna, leaving untill my return the care of seeing the Pictures, Statues, and the Palaces of that City. At Sienna I staid seven weeks, and as it is in the mountains I found much less inconvenience from the heats that I should have done at Florence, whose situation is so much lower. Here at Sienna are not many Things in the curious Way, few good pictures, although they tell you here that the School of Sienna is as famous as that of Florence. Here are a great number of noble families, the major part of which are exceeding poor, numbers of which as I have been told, who make a certain figure, keep an Equipage and have not above £200 for all their income. Here is an Accademy which is much, or rather was formerly much frequented, upon account of the pureness of the Tuscan language, which is spoke here better than any other place in the Country; the Academy is a good deal in the style of Lausanne, as well as the Town, and the Inhabitants, but the Country round about it is

nothing like so fine and so pleasant. Here is a Fountain which Dantes, an old famous Italian Poet, mentions is very renowned for the pureness of its stream—

"Per Fonte Branda non darai la vista

but whether it is now degenerated, or whether the present people have not the Taste for good Water so well as they had in his time I cannot say, but at present it is hardly known. The Cathedral here is however a very fine Building, the *façade* in particular is curious, but what is the most so is the pavement, which is done in Marble, in a kind of *Mosaic*, and expressing the History of the Bible in figures as big as life. The expence and trouble must have been immence. In a side Chappel is shown an antique statue of the Graces, not a thing very decent to be put up in a Church. The sides of the same chappel are painted in Fresque, they say by the famous Raphael, but I can hardly believe, the colours however are remarkably well preserved. This country round about was formerly a Republic, but at last fell into the power of the Florentines, who now send a Governor, but they are governed by their own

laws, and by their own Magistrates as formerly. From this place of the first of September I set out for to go to Leghorn.

"Leghorn is a free port[1] and much the most considerable trading Town in the Mediteranean, the trade consists in the exportation of raw silks, wine, oyl, stufs of gold and silver, but almost all of it is carryed on in foreign Bottoms, of which the English have much the most considerable share. The Town is fortifyed but I believe is not very strong neither by sea nor yet by land. It is an excessively clean well built Town, much the most so of any Trading Town I ever saw in my Life, the number of Inhabitants is prodigious, about 40,000, of which one third are foreigners. The Port is very convenient and safe for ships, the inner mole is for ships of small burden, the outer for those of larger; the Police appears here to be very well regulated, for notwithstanding the number of People of all Nations who resort here, and particularly sea faring people, here are very few riots happened; for the convenience of transporting goods to the different warehouses in

[1] The privileges of Leghorn were taken away in about 1865, just a hundred years later.

town, canals are cut in the same style as in Holland. Here is established lately a manufacture for velvet, and one of Coral. Here are two Lazarettos for the airing of goods and for the reception of people under Quarantine, which considering their connexion with the Levant and the States of Barbary, are often made use of. In all the wars the English Fleets have been victualed here, and consequently spent a very considerable sum of money. Formerly on the arrival of a Fleet, the Port used to salute first, and the return was made with one gun less, but Admiral Osborn two or three years agone, as a compliment return'd gun for gun; the present Governor of Tuscany who is Marshal Botta, considering this Duchy as belonging to the Emperor, as Emperor and not as Grand Duke of Tuscany, sent orders, on hearing Admiral Sanders intention of coming there, that the Port should not salute the first, and return one gun less than the English Admiral; this was not easily to be adjusted, the Fleet would not come on those conditions and this ceremony on a moderate computation has been a loss to Leghorn of above 50,000 livres stirling.

"After a stay of about 10 days here I went to Pisa. It is a very pretty Town, through which runs the river Arno; coming directly from Leghorn makes the contrast between these two Towns stronger; at Leghorn everything wears a Face of Business, and the streets are so full that it's with some difficulty one walks along; here you see a fine old Town quite deserted, without the least appearance of any Occupation whatever; it has in this respect somewhat the look of Verona. This Town is very ancient, and formerly was very Powerful by sea, and in the time of the Croisades sent the most considerable Force against the Infidels, it was taken by the Florentines in the year 1509, and since that time has always been dwindling to its present situation. The Air is one of the best in Italy, and its situation very pleasant. Here is the residence of the Knights of the order of St Stephen, which was instituted by Cosmo di Medicis in the year 1561, and dedicated to that saint because on his day he won the Battle of Marciano; these Knights have the same rules as those of Malta, and are different from the latter but in that Religious may

engage in it as well as Secular; the Grand Duke is supreme Master of the Order. The Dome here is ornamented with a great number of Pillars of different marbles, which have been brought from the ruined buildings in the Holy Land. The leaning Tower is reckoned curious. Here is the *Campo Santo* which is an oblong building surrounded with Cloisters, the walls of which are covered with ancient paintings Heaven, Hell, Purgatory, etc. This place was made for the Reposotary of some earth which the Pisan Gallies brought from the Holy Land, and from it takes its name. The Bottom was made like a square bason to receive it, and is paved with marble, the earth is about seven foot deep, and has the virtue, as was told me by a man who assured me to have seen it, of rotting a Body in 24 hours.

"From hence I went to Lucca to see the Opera which is there every Autumn, and which seldom fails of drawing many foreigners. This State followed the fate of the other Towns in Tuscany, but in the year 1279, bought its Liberty of the Emperor Rodolf for ten thousand crowns, and has ever since continued a free State. The number of Inhabitants in the

whole State hardly amounts to 100,000; the Doge or Gonfaloniere is chose out of the Grand Council, and his Office is but of two months duration. The Trade here is very small, and the Export is in oyl, for which this place is famous; the Luchese cannot wear Swords by the laws of the State, and most foreigners conform themselves to the usage of the Country. Here is nothing very curious either in Painting, or in Antiquities, at least not sufficient to attract a Traveller's attention. The Town itself is but ill fortifyed, only a Wall just for to hinder a Surprize. The ramparts are very pleasant, in each Bastion is a clump of trees, which produce an agreeable effect. On the 20th of September I set out from this place and arrived at Florence.

"Florence the principal Town of Tuscany is situated at the foot of Appenines and through it runs the river Arno. As this place has been the nursery of Arts and Sciences it is not strange that it should be more particularly furnished than any other Town in Italy with every thing that they have produced of the most rare. The Town is most delightfully situated and very well built in general, not to mention

several Palaces which are remarkably elegant and noble, the whole style of Architecture of the place is very good, and much better than in most other Towns in Italy. One part of the Town communicates with the other by means of several Bridges, one of which is very famous for its elegancy and Beauty, and which in Summer time is much frequented by the people of fashion, who resort there in an undress for to take the cool air. Here are dispersed up and down this Town many Pieces of John of Bologna, amongst which is one very famous of Hercules killing the Centaur. In the time of the *Medicis* this Place was the seat of Pleasure and diversions, but since the Emperor has been Duke of Tuscany and that he has taken his Residence at Vienna, the considerable sums of money that is sent there, impoverishes so much the country, that it is by no means the same place with respect to amusements as formerly.

"The Gallery which is so famous for the Collection of Statues, Pictures, Medalls, etc., was first begun by Cosimo the first, second Duke of Florence, and created first of Tuscany in the year 1570 by Pius V. then Pope. It

is to him that Florence owes the Beginning of its grandeur, as he began the encouragement of arts and Sciences, and beautifyed the City very considerably, as many Public Inscriptions testify at present. He was the first that thought of building this Edifice, as a Repository of all his Statues, Busts, etc., and the Charge was given to George Vasari an Architect. Since his time the Collection has been very considerably augmented by purchaces made at Rome and elsewhere, as well as by Donations and Antiquities that have been found in different parts of Tuscany.

"The Cielings of the Gallery are covered with Paintings representing the invention of Arts and Sciences, the walls are hung with Pictures of the most illustrious persons of the family of the Medicis. On each side of the Gallery are Antique Statues and Busts, amongst which are 48 Busts of the Roman Emperors ranged in order, and opposite to them are the wives of those that have been found, and in defect of that, are placed the Busts of some famous men. At the end of the Gallery is a copy of the Groupe of Laocoon and his sons, the original is in the Belvidera of

the Vatican at Rome, this copy is done by Bandinelli a very famous Statuary here of Florence. Here are several of Michel Angelo Buonarota's Works, some of which are not finished, amongst which is a Bust of Brutus with this remarkable inscription

> "Dum Bruti effigiem Sculptor di Marmore ducit
> In mentem Sceleris venit et abstinuit.

Here is a Leda something in the attitude of the Venus of Medicis, caressing a Swan; but the Swan is either very ill done, or else the Ancients were not acquainted with the figure of that Bird, for it is like a common duck; the Antiquarian, who was Bianchi, a man who had been brought up always in the Gallery, and whose Father, who enjoyed before him the place of Keeper of the Gallery, was a very understanding person, assured me that he thought the Ancients were very little acquainted with that Bird, for that all the Statues as well as Medals, represented it much liker a Duck than any thing else; there is in the next Isle of the Gallery another Leda with the very same figure instead of a Swan; but this is very difficult

to reconcile with the descriptions which we find in ancient Poets of that Bird, and Virgil in particular mentions it at large. Along the Gallery are different rooms assigned for holding different Collections of Curiosities.' The first which is seen in entering, is the Chamber of Painters, so called from its being hung with the Pictures of all the best Painters, and most of them if not all, done by themselves. Amongst them is Sir Godfrey Kneller; there's one done by Sezbolt a German which is an affair of great labour, all the pits of the Small pox are distinctly marked, as are also the hairs of his beard. In another room are kept the designs of the best Masters. In the collection of Raphael's I saw the sketches of the Cartoons which are at Hampton Court. Here we saw likewise the drawings which were a doing for the Emperor, of every thing that is in the Gallery; 12 men had been employed for these 12 years last past, and it will take 30 more years to finish the design, but then every the most minute thing is to be done, which by the by is only so much time and money directly thrown away.

"But the place where are kept the most choise

Pieces is *La Tribuna*, it's a room in the form of an octagon, here are perhaps some things which pass for the first of their kind: There are six large Statues, three of which are of Venus, one is *Venus Victrix*, the second *La Venus Celeste*, both of which have great merit, and would be much admired, were they not eclypsed by that Heavenly Statue, known by the name of *Venus de Medicis*. This Statue at first perhaps does not strike you but insensibly it grows upon you, and like a fine Woman, it's impossible to feel how much you like it, until you are about to leave it to look at something else, which is very difficult to do in her presence, the models which I have seen of her, did not give me in the least any idea of her. This is looked on as the perfection of Female beauty, as is the Apollon Belvidere at Rome of Male. The other three Statues are the dancing Faun, which expresses an infinite agility as he is in the attitude of just going to jump ; The Whetter, which is a Slave whetting a knife, and very attentive to a conversation, which is supposed between Cataline and his Conspirators ; the other is the Wrestlers. There are several other Antique Busts and Statues very exquisite in their kind,

but all are smaller than Nature; amongst them is a sleeping Cupid very much esteemed; in the middle of the room is a table made of different coloured marble *des pieces rapportés*, which is a work here of Florence, it is neatly enough done but does not seem to answer the great time which is said to have been spent in the working of it. Here also a Cabinet in which are preserved several precious stones, small Things worked in Agate, Amathist, rock Crystal, etc. The great Diamant which belonged to the Medicis Family and which was but a few grains less than Mr. Pitts, has been sent to Vienna by order of this present Emperor.

"The Pictures which adorn this room are some capital ones of the very best Masters amongst which are the Venus of Titian, which by the by is more likely some Venetian Courtesan, than a Venus, because she has first of all no attributes of that Goddess, and one can hardly suppose that Titian would have chose such a Chamber and such attendance for his Venus, but be that as it will, it does not in the least take off from the real goodness of the Picture which is very well preserved, and in a

situation to make any man feel at least 'that's natural.'

"The three manners of Raphael, two of which represent a Madonna, and the third is the famous picture of St. John. The St. John at Paris is a copy of this, done by Giacomo da Empoli by the Orders of Mary de Medicis, when she maryd Henry IV. which she carryed with her to Paris.

"A Picture of Corregio which is the Virgin admiring our Saviour, who is laid down before her.

"One of Hanibal Carrachi, which is a Satyr bringing a basket of flowers to a Nymph who is seen only by the back. It is the same as that in the King of Naples' Collection. There are abundance of other pictures by the best Masters which are much esteem'd. Here is a head of Raphael, painted by Leonardo di Vinci.

"Two rooms which are called the rooms of the Flemmish Painters, are full of pictures done by men of that country, the most famous amongst which, is one by Rubens representing Hercules between virtue and vice. It is very well preserved and the best of the collection. . . .

"In the Gallery is to be seen the Altar Piece

which was designed for the Chappel of St. Laurence, it's not yet finished, and in all likely hood never will; had the dessign been carryed into execution it would have been one of the most curious as well as richest things of the kind perhaps in the world. The Pillars are made of Rock Cristal, Lapis Lasuli, and all the Marbles the most rare and most esteemed, composed the lower part, the figures are all made of Oriental Stones, Jewells of very great value were employed in adorning the different parts of the Cornishes, but it's now a very considerable number of years that they have left off working at it, which makes me believe the Emperor will not be at the Expence of finishing it. The Collection of Medals is very numerous, amongst which are some very rare and curious. There is likewise a large collection of Cameos and Intaglios, Antique all, except a very few.

"The Palace Pitti was the place of the Residence of the Grand Dukes. The Architecture is rather heavy than pleasing, nor is there anything very magnificent either in the outward appearance or in the rooms, considering it as the Palace of a Prince. Here is however a Collection of Pictures some of which are very

much admired. The *Madonna della Sedia* of Raphael, Guido's Cleopatra, several of Titian's heads, all well preserved, a very fine picture of Rubens, and the best collection of Andrea del Sarto his works that is to be found any where, indeed the pictures of this Master are infinitely superior here at Florence, to what they are anywhere else. The Palace Ricardi was the Residence of the Medicis Family before that they were Grand Dukes. Here is a Gallery which is very elegant, the cieling is painted by Luca Giordano, and is most admirably well preserved. The Palace Gerini is a modern built house, is elegantly rather than grandly fitted up, as well as laid out, and it seems to be a better house to live in than most of these Italian Palaces are. Here is a collection of Pictures some of which are pretty; a Head of Rembrant done by himself is much esteem'd, and pleases me much more than that one in the Gallery. Another picture of St. Andrew agoing to be crucifyed; it's done by and is reckoned the Capital Piece of that Master's.

"Nel Palazzo vecchio is all the plate which belonged to the Grand Dukes, as well as several other ornaments of gold and silver. Amongst

the rest is a Piece worked in gold and precious stones, which was made in the reign of Cosmo III. and which when he was ill he vowed to give it to St. Chas. Boroméo in case that he recovered but as he dyed, his son thought that the Saint had no right to it, and there it still remains. Here is a Picture of Rubens.

"Le Baptistaire du Dome, here are some gates of Bronze which are esteem'd perhaps the most curious in all Italy for the *Basso Rilievos*, which are indeed very fine; they are very ancient, and were much consulted by Michel Angelo who studied them very much.

"The Chapell of St. Laurence, had it been finished, certainly would have been one of the richest as well as the most elegant in Europe, the great quantity of the finest marble which is employed is astonishing, the finest stones, precious and oriental, were designed to adorn the different parts of it; the statues of six Grand Dukes of the Medicis Family in Bronze were designed to be set up in Niches made on purpose, and the Altar Piece which is in the Gallery was designed to have been placed in it, it is considerably advanced and it is really a great pity that so noble a Piece of dessign

should not be accomplished. Under the Gallery, work men employed by the Emperor to make tables and pictures of inlaid marble and *pierres dures;* it is a kind of Mosaic, and is excessively tedious, several years being necessary for four men to finish one picture nót above 4 ft. long and 2 high. Every thing that is done here is for the Emperor's service, and it's very difficult to buy any of this Work which is at all well done; here is a man however that does Landskips in a kind of paste of his composition, which grows hard, and takes a very good Polish, but as it's neither so dear nor so difficult, it's not so much sought after.

"John Gaston the last of the Medicis Family dyed in the year 1737; had the Florentines been left to their own disposal, it's said the late Marquis di Ricardi would have succeeded to that Duchy. Since that the present Emperor has been Grand Duke, here is a very visible decay of everything, the country round about Florence which is studded every where with *Casines,* which were built in the time of the Medicis now begin to fall to decay and plainly show that the alteration will in a few years more be much more perceptible than it is at

present. The sums of money that is every year remitted to Vienna quite drains the Country, and as a great many of the Posts are filled by the Loreneze who followed the Fortune of the Emperor, Poverty succeeds to those happy times of Plenty, which were known when their Princes made Florence their residence.

"Its situation is most delightful, but in Summer however it is excessively hot; the Springs and Autumns are finer here than in almost any other part of Italy, and it but wants the presence of the Prince to make it one of the most delightful sejours in the world.

"The Florentine Nobility differ from those of the rest of Italy in that they do not in the least look upon Commerce as beneath them, or as a reflection on their Family, in so much that several people of Distinction are engaged in Commerce. The People are lively and very clever, at least naturally so, for I believe that Education in general is as much neglected here as in the other parts of Italy. The women are handsome and lively, and want no kind of Attractions to please, insomuch that Florence is looked on in all Italy as the Center of Gallantry. . . . If pleasure is to be sought in Gallantry,

let a man go to Florence, and if Variety with a little trouble is able to please him I am apt to imagine that he may content himself. The number of Inhabitants is about 40,000, in the whole Territory about 900,000, but I am apt to think that it's too much for the Town. The Emperor revenue is about 1,000,000 of sequins or about 500,000 Livres sterling.

"On Wednesday the 28th of October I set out for Rome. I stopped seven days at Sienna in my way there. As it is impossible to give any kind of description of the things at Rome, they being in such a large number, I shall only say that few houses of any consideration are without something or other of value, either in Statues or in Painting, and that it is impossible to convey any idea of their Beauties by endeavouring to describe them, the only way being to see them in person upon the spot.

"Frescati is about two posts from Rome, it stands upon an eminence, and upon that consideration is chose by the Roman Nobility for a place to retire to during the heats; it is famous for being the ancient Tusculum, and they pretend to show you a room with a beautiful Mosaic Pavement in it, which they

say is a part of Cicero's house. Tivoli is the ancient Tibur, its situation is on the side of a hill and is the resort of the nobility in the time of the Spring and villeggiatura as it was the retreat of the ancients in the same season. Maecenas here had a villa, the remains of which are seen at present, they show you the place where Horace's Farm was, but there is some dispute about the actual spot. Here are the rests of the Temple of the Sybil, which is one of the most beautiful Pieces of ancient Architecture that is to be seen in Italy. It is in the style of the Temple of Vesta in the *Campo Vacino* at Rome.

"The Cascade of Tivoli is formed by a small river which falls with great rapidity about 50 feet, it runs over the remainder of the inclination of the hill, and in different streams falls into the valley below, where runs the Amio, it is these little streams which form the *Cascatelle* so much admired; the place from which one sees the Cascatelle is exceedingly Romantic, and the view very picturesque. This Place has been chose by Landskip Painters very often, nor indeed is it easy to take one more interesting. Below the hill is Adrian's Villa

which was built by that Emperor in about three years' time ; it was seven miles in circumference and contained Theatres, Amphitheatres, and in short every thing that the luxury of the Times made in use. The Ruins of this immence place are very great. It is from hence that most of the best Statues have been taken, especially the Egyptian ones. Between Rome and Tivoli is a Lake where are the floating Islands. The accounts of this Lake are vastly exagerated, it has formerly been very large, it's a sulphurious Water, upon the surface of which rises a kind of surf which gathers together and forms a kind of Island upon it, this as it approaches to the side grows of a greater consistency and in time cements itself to the side of the Lake, so that in a small time the Lake will be no more to be seen.

" Upon the 15th of December I left Rome to go to Naples. Near Velletri which is about 4 Posts from Rome we passed over the field where the Battle was fought in the year 1744 in which Prince Lobeswitz was defeated by the king of Naples. In our Journey we passed over the Appian Way, which at present remains in one part quite entire. The Road, and more

particularly near Rome is studded with antient Buildings most of which have been Sepulcres of Roman Families. At Gaëta which by Virgil in the beginning of his seventh *Æneid* is called Gajeta, is a very famous urn,[1] perhaps one of the most famous in Italy ; here is also a rock which was split by some earthquake, and which they tell you was split at the time of our Saviour's Crucifiction, on the sides of which were found many Crosses which are looked upon as miraculous ; there is also the impression of a Turk's Hand,[2] which is said was made by a Turk's clapping his hand on the Wall, and declaring that unless the impression remained, that he would not believe that those Crosses were the effect of a miracle.

"At Capua which is the first strong Town after Gaëta, belonging to the King of Naples, are several Antiquities, but ancient Capua lies about three miles higher up the Country than the modern Town. Here is an Amphitheatre which as to its form is pritty well preserved.[3] The Country for about 50 miles before one comes to Naples is very fine, and is called *la*

[1] Now in the Naples Museum.
[2] Still to be seen.
[3] Since excavated.

Campagna Felice, it indeed well deserves the name for it's productive of every thing that's useful. Naples itself is situated at the bottom of the Gulph, it's supposed to contain[1] three hundred thousand inhabitants, a prodigious Quantity for its size, but the climate is so mild that several thousands have no other place to sleep than in the streets. The Misfortune of Naples is that the people of substance bear no kind of proportion to the rabble, it is this that makes them so riotous and so desirous of changing masters as often as they can get a Sequin by it, as the greatest part has nothing to loose. The Farneze collection of medals, Pictures, Cameos, etc., are kept at a Palace of the kings called *Il Capo di Monte*, the Pictures are much spoiled, some of the best are engraving now by Mr. Strange.

"The neighbourhood of Naples is more productive of natural Curiosities than any other part of Italy; the whole Country stands upon one entire soil of Sulphur, which has vents in many places in the *Environs*. The Place called *La Grotta del Cane* is a small Grotto in the side of a hill from which rises a sulphurious

[1] The present population is 600,000 (1896).

vapour to about the height of a foot and a half or something more, in which no animal can live. Close by this Grotto in a plain is the Avernan Lake[1] mention'd by Virgil. La Solfaterra, which is a mountain quite full of sulphur, is a place where the king has established a manufacture of salts of all sorts; from the side of this hill runs a stream which when it comes out of the earth is boyling hot.

"The Baths of Nero are of the same nature. Baza[2] which was the place where the old Romans of the greatest Condition ran to spend their winter, is covered with ancient ruins and Substructions. Lucullus' House and Gardens are easily made out, which was the thing the most magnificent in his time. The Sun is here so warm that all kinds of Vegitables grow on the natural soil in the coldest winter. Portici is a Palace of the king's; it is situated at the foot of Mt. Vesuvious, and upon Herculaneum which was discovered very singularly; a man digging to make a well fell upon the Amphitheatre[3] of Herculaneum; at first it was not known what this could be, but upon examination it was

[1] This is an error. Lake Avernus is about 8 miles off. The Lake at the Grotta del Cane was called "Agnano."

[2] Baia. [3] Theatre.

found to be the town of Herculaneum which was covered in the year 79. A.D. by the Lava of an Eruption from Mount Vesuvious. The present King of Spain,[1] then of Naples, set men to work, and as they cleared away the rubbish they found houses in which many things have been discovered more curious than valuable and which are deposited in a place made for that purpose; some miles from this place further up the country are the Towns of Stabia and Pompeia, one of which was covered by the ashes from Mt. Vesuvious, and the other swallowed up by an earthquake, and which have been discovered likewise by a similar accident. The King of Naples, when he embarked to go to take possession of Spain, took off his finger an Intaglio which had been found in Herculaneum and deposited it in the Collection,[2] as he would not take away anything from the Collection, especially as he had refused before to give his elder Brother some trifling thing which had been found, and which he asked not as a thing of value, but as it came out of Herculaneum.

[1] Charles V. of Spain, who occupied the throne of Naples as Charles III.

[2] Now in the Naples Museum. The ring is a *niceolò* with a mask engraved on it.

Caserta is a House which is building for the King of Naples about two Posts distant from Town, it is an immence large place, the Architecture not reckoned good, but the house will be very rich in marbles, of which Sicily produces great quantities of very fine. Smith assured me that going to Caserta, which must be at least 12 miles from the mountain, that being a windy day, his hat, horse, in short the whole road was quite covered with the ashes which were blown from the Mountain. On the 5th of February I left Naples and arrived at Rome the 11th [1] as the road was too bad to go any other way than *en voiture.*

[1] The direct train reaches Rome in 5.15 hours from Naples, and we complain of its slowness (1896).

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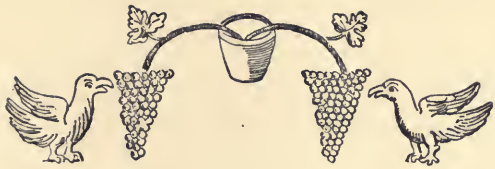

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The Times Dec. 24. 1925

THE PIPERS OF NAPLES.

DECLINE OF ANCIENT RITUAL.

(FROM OUR NAPLES CORRESPONDENT.)

Not many years ago strange figures were to be met with in the streets of Naples at the end of November. They were men in goat-skin trousers, blue cloth coats decorated with brass or silver buttons, and tall, pointed black felt hats; and under their arms they carried something that on close inspection proved to be rude bagpipes.

Had they been followed, one would have found they were making for one of the wayside shrines containing some kind of framed and glazed representation of the Madonna, Christ, or a Saint, set in a rough tabernacle and lighted by a small oil lamp. Here the men would doff their hats, bow reverently, and then play an air upon their pipes, a melodious tune, soft and dulcet in quality, of a pastoral sweetness flavoured with melancholy. Pedestrians would stop and listen; the local guardians of the shrine would come out of their *bassi* and stand by; a collection would be made; and the pipers, after another reverence to the shrine, would walk off to repeat their simple performance elsewhere, or to dive into a *trattoria* and wash their mouths with a little wine.

These *zampognatori* were mostly peasants from Avellino and Benevento. They were supposed to typify the shepherds of Holy Writ. Year after year they would walk to Naples, supporting themselves on the way by their pipes and timing their arrival for the *Novena*, or nine days' celebration, of the Immaculate Conception on December 8. Pious people would engage them to play during the *Novena*, either at their houses or before a favourite shrine, paying them five lire or so for their services. They would stay on for the Christmas *Novena*; and, that over, would walk back to their homes again. It was a hereditary occupation. When the fathers died or became too old for the journey, the sons took their place with the family pipes.

The custom is still kept up; but with a falling off in picturesqueness, in numbers, and even—it would seem—in reverence. The men come, but nowadays they must be hunted out to be seen, and when found are disappointingly commonplace in appearance, dressed in ordinary garb, with nothing quaint about them save the old bagpipes. They still play the ancient tunes, they still doff their caps before beginning and at the end; but they go to work in a perfunctory, businesslike way. About their fathers was an air of pious devotion that dignified them, a spirit no longer conspicuous in their sons. With the discarding of the old picturesque costume that symbolized primitive adoration, the *zampognatori* of to-day seem to have discarded something of the old devout spirit—so closely connected is reverence with ceremonious dress. There is less unction in their performance. And whereas formerly hard cash was merely an accompaniment to service, it now appears to be the chief object.

Yet the sound of the pipes is the same, and the old tunes have their old attraction. Heard for the first time in the year, not too close, on some quiet sunny morning in the outskirts of the big city framed between the blue sea and the blue sky, they can set in vibration another music within, and can carry one on a strange, far journey towards lands seemingly visited in childhood but never since. The simple, sweetly plaintive air rises and falls, and there is something touching in its *naiveté*. One could imagine music like that being played by shepherds at the birth of Christ. It has something in it faintly Biblical and very old; a thin trickle from a holy spring; a little breeze chanting its "Te Deum laudamus" as it passes. Constant repetition kills the charm, and perhaps one gains something by the fact that the music is more and more rarely heard. But when it ceases altogether, as apparently it soon will cease, Naples will have lost something that can never be replaced.